



TORCH
BORER!

ADDAMS FAMILY * STAR TREK * MTV AWARDS

CRACKED

#271
MAY 92

\$1.75
\$2.25
CANADA/
FOREIGN

WE TORCH
THE OLYMPICS



05



© 1992 D. MARTIN



THE SABOTEUR FAMILY TREE



ZSA ZSA SABOR
(1946 -)
MARRIED 12 MILLIONAIRES... EACH WHO ENDED UP MEETING UNTIMELY DEATHS WHEN THEY WERE HIT BY FALLING PIANOS.



THOMAS EDISAB
(1809 - 1894)
INVENTOR OF THE TRICK, SQUIRTING LIGHT BULB.



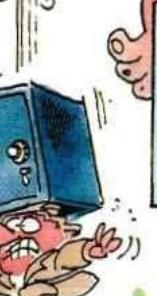
THE MARQUIS DE SAB
(1734 - 1791)
TORTURED VICTIMS BY STICKING BAND-AIDS ON THEIR ARMS AND THEN RIPPING THEM OFF REAL FAST



ATTILA the SAB
(450 - 517)
LEAD BAND OF SCOUNDRELS WHO RAIDED SMALL TOWNS AND PLACED "KICK ME" SIGNS ON THE BACKS OF INNOCENT VILLAGERS



MARCO SABBO
(1252 - 1360)
FAMOUS EXPLORER WHO STARTED RUMOR THAT THE WORLD WAS FLAT.



SABSON
(941 - 1050)
ANCIENT STRONGMAN WHO ONCE LIFTED AN ENTIRE COLISEUM — AND THEN DROPPED IT ON SOMEONE ELSE'S FOOT.



NEANDRASAB
(1,000,000 B.C.)
EARLIEST ANCESTOR OF SABOTEURS. HE INVENTED FIRE IN ORDER TO GIVE FIRST HOTFOOTS.



DONALD SABOTRUMP
(1949 -)
WEALTHIEST SABOTEUR ON EARTH. PAID MILLIONS TO CREATE WORLD'S LARGEST WATER BALLOON, WHICH HE DROPPED ON CLEVELAND.



PABLO PICASSAB
(1897 - 1963)
FAAMED SABOTAGE ARTIST WHO PAINTED MUSTACHES ON OVER 100 PRICELESS MASTERPIECES IN THE LOUVRE



SAB RUTH
(1891 - 1945)
LEGENDARY SLUGGER WHO ONCE POINTED TO CENTERFIELD — AND PROMPTLY HIT LINER INTO PITCHER'S GROIN



SABBING BULL
(1831 - 1895)
CONVINCED CUSTER THAT THERE WAS A BIG SHOE SALE GOING ON AT THE LITTLE BIG HORN SO CUSTER WENT...



SIR SABBALOT
(1300 - 1361)
CAUSED DOWNFALL OF KING ARTHUR WHEN HE INSISTED THE ROUND TABLE SHOULD BE TULIP-SHAPED.



SABITARIUS
(300 - 361)
EMPEROR RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE WHEN HE LINED THE STREETS WITH BANANA PEELS.

CRACKED



Bring something to the table, other than crumbs.
Sylvester P. Smythe

May '92, #271

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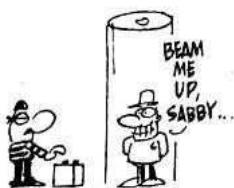
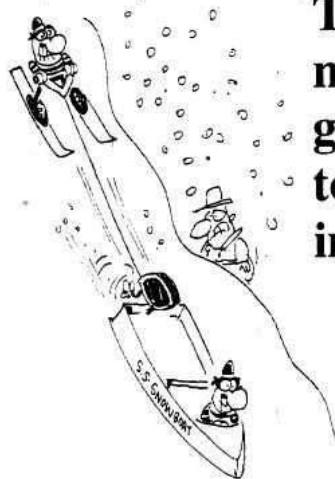
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DON MARTIN, front cover
MIKE RICIGLIANO, inside cover
RICIGLIANO/HOUSE, inside cover
TYLER/SILVERSTONE, back cover
SPIES 'N' SABS SPRINKLED SUBVERSIVELY
THROUGHOUT CRACKED!



The voyagers of the new improved Star Ship Exitprize no longer seek out new life or go boldly where no man has gone before or any of that other neat stuff 'cause they're too busy talking. So adjust your earplugs as we blast off into outer space for a Cracked eye view of...



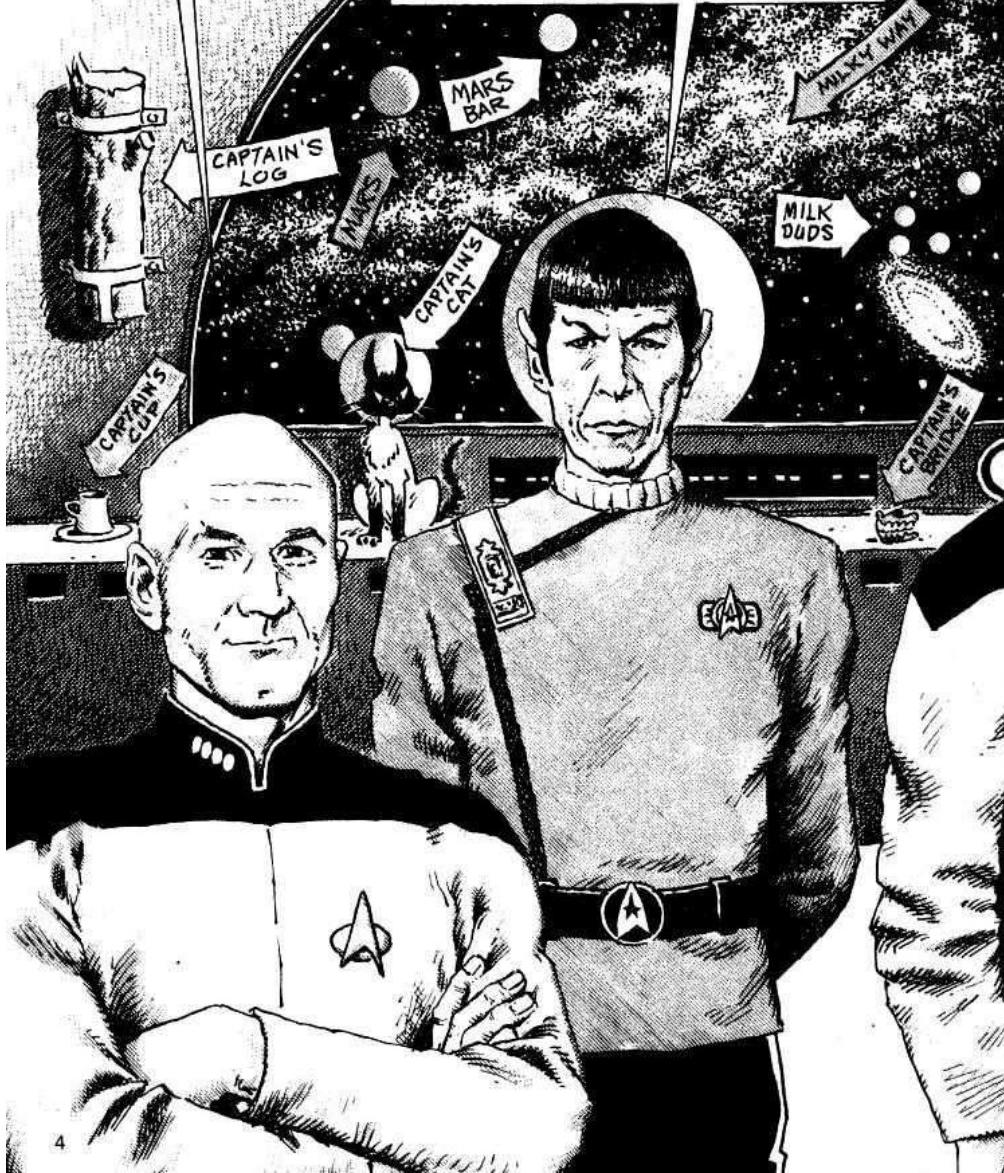
I am Jaw-Glued Discard, the Captain of the SS Exitprize. My mission is to go baldly, I mean, boldly forth and make the Trekkies forget Jim Quirk.

Logically speaking, Captain, that is mission impossible. I'm Mr. Shmock, special guest star. On the original Exitprize, I could render a person unconscious instantly by touching a nerve in his neck. It takes this politically correct crew an entire hour of boring dialogue to accomplish the same thing.

I'm Lt. Commander Rooker, the Captain calls me Number 1, even though I'm second in command. Luckily, he's lousy at numbers. I'd hate being called Number 2.

I'm Guinerd, the ship's bartender. I mix an Oscar winning Mint Jupiter, but I'm a ghost of my former self. Hey! I'm 700 years old.

SHIP'S BRIDGE



STAR TREK

THE NEXT DEGENERATION

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

ARTIST: JOHN SEVERIN

You don't look a day over six hundred but then how would I know? I'm Lt. La Fudge, the ship's Chief Engineer. I'm blind but by wearing these cool shades I can see fuzzy shapes.

I'm Lt. Barf and no, I don't have a major zit problem. I'm a Klingyawn and on my planet teenagers have a clear complexion. We don't break out until we're adults.

I'm Doo Doo. I'm an Android, which explains my stiff, unemotional acting. The rest of the cast has no excuse.

I'm Dr. Cruncher. I'm well qualified for my position as Chief Medical Officer. Dr. Ruth was my great, great, great-grandmother.

You picked the wrong one, babeee. Uh huh!



Hey, Doc, did you ever make out with an Android?

Captain, I want to file a sexual harassment charge against Doo Doo! He's always trying to hit on me.

I can't help it; I was programmed to act like a normal man.

We're picking up a gamma ray life form, Captain!

If you can pick up a life form, why can't I pick up chicks?

Sir, I recommend we send Doo Doo back to the lab for reprogramming.

Perhaps you're right. I guess it was a mistake putting Judge Thomas' Journal into Doo Doo's memory bank.

Sir, it's a spaceship...

It may be the Rummillyns. Take evasive action, prepare to fire phasers!

Hold your fire! It's the Domino Pizza Delivery Craft!

They're two eons late; we don't have to pay.

Captain, another spacecraft; it's a HOTAMALIAN ship!!

Doo Doo, what do you know of the Hotamalians?

Hotamalians are a spicy Mexican food. Eating them has often proved fatal to tourists, especially when ingested with Mexican water. Sorry, wrong file! Hotamalians are a nomad race. I have no other information in my memory bank.

Shall we attack, Captain?

If you ask me, I think you should try talking to them.

That's sound advice!

I'm surprised, Captain...

That I take advice from the ship's barber?

No, that you even have a barber.

Before I make a final decision, I must speak with an expert thoroughly versed in these matters.

Thank you, Captain.

Not you, Shmock, I mean Guinerd. Anybody who has tended bar for 700 years knows practically everything.

What'll it be, Captain? A big dipper of your favorite brewski and a small dipper chaser?

No, just some advice on how we should handle the Hotamalian ship.

Take the same action you always employ, inaction!

Thank you.

Captain Quirk would have fired a warning phaser spread across their bow, to let them know we mean business.

This generation we take a different approach to confrontations. We attempt to communicate; it's all a matter of patience and understanding. We must act with prudence and extend a friendly hand to all peoples.

Captain...

Who are you?

I'm John Severin, Ship's Artist. Your long-winded speeches don't leave me any room to draw.

We have the Hotamalian Captain...

I'll talk to him. Captain, would you be amenable to a treaty and a cultural exchange? The Federation will send you Bob Hope, Brooke Shields, and New Kids on the Galaxy and you send us your top entertainers.

Nam, tawh ouy nicklat tuoba?

I don't think he understands you, Captain, but then neither do we half the time.

Captain, it's not possible to communicate with the Hotamalians. Nobody in the galaxy can comprehend their language.

Maybe we should try charades. First word... sounds like... eye...

Captain, where's the Captain?

The Hotamalians have transported him to the planet surface, along with their Captain.

A logical move, it was one of Jim's favorite bits, the two champions engaged in a duel to the death. Is Captain Discard armed?

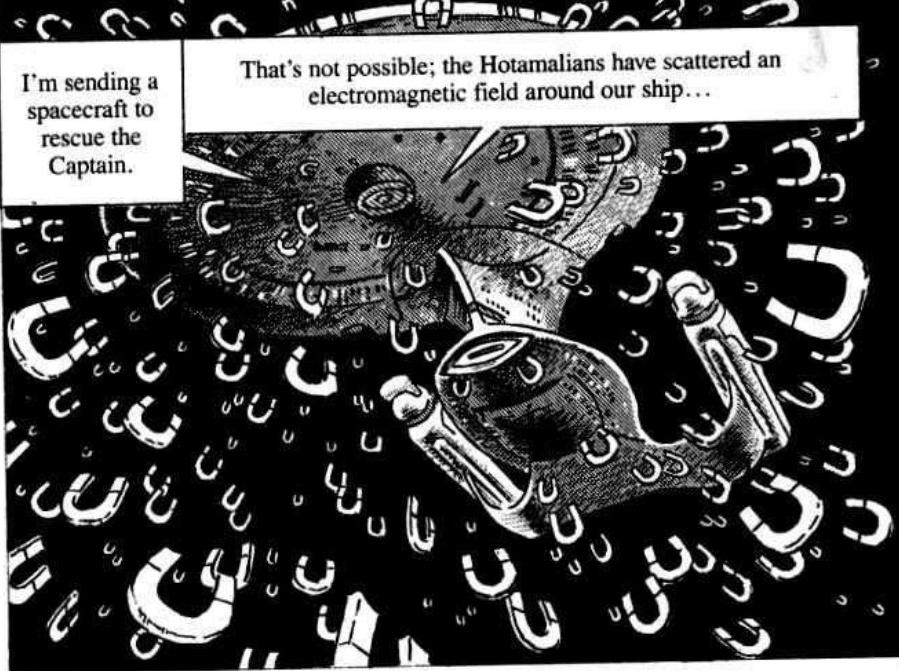
Only with his tongue.

Yeh, nam,
emmig evif!

I'm afraid I don't understand you but if you're looking for a fight, I'm not interested. How about a game of Scrabble or a debate on our two cultures?

I'm sending a spacecraft to rescue the Captain.

That's not possible; the Hotamalians have scattered an electromagnetic field around our ship...

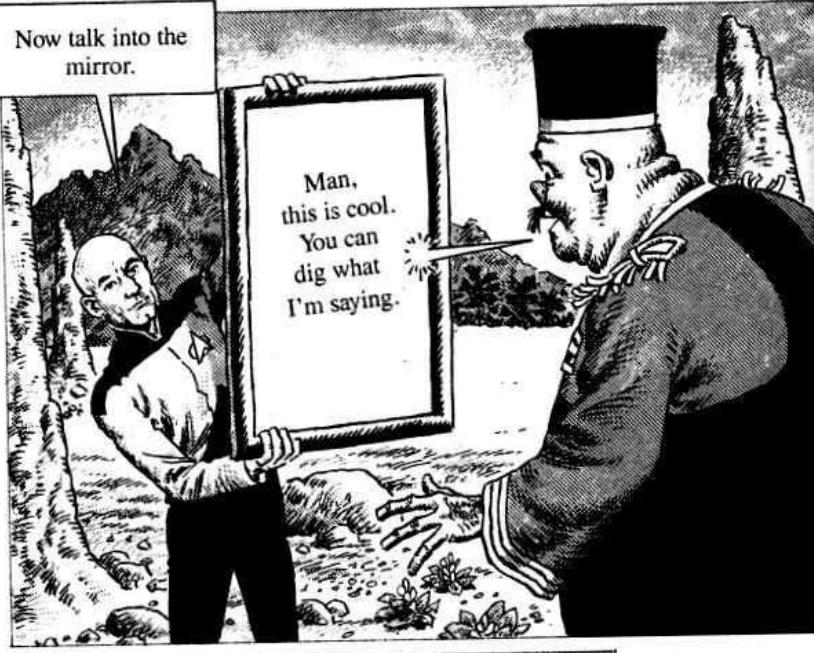
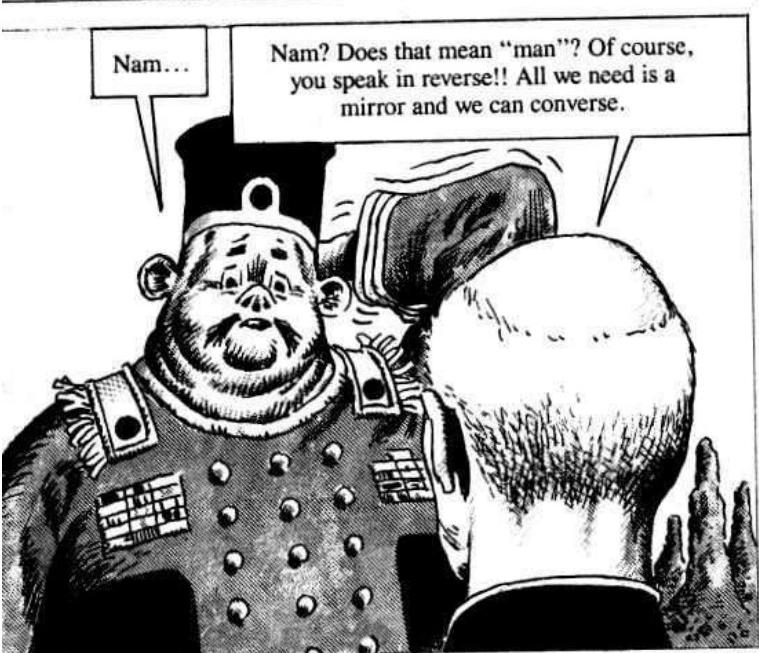


Nam...

Nam? Does that mean "man"? Of course, you speak in reverse!! All we need is a mirror and we can converse.

Now talk into the mirror.

Man,
this is cool.
You can
dig what
I'm saying.



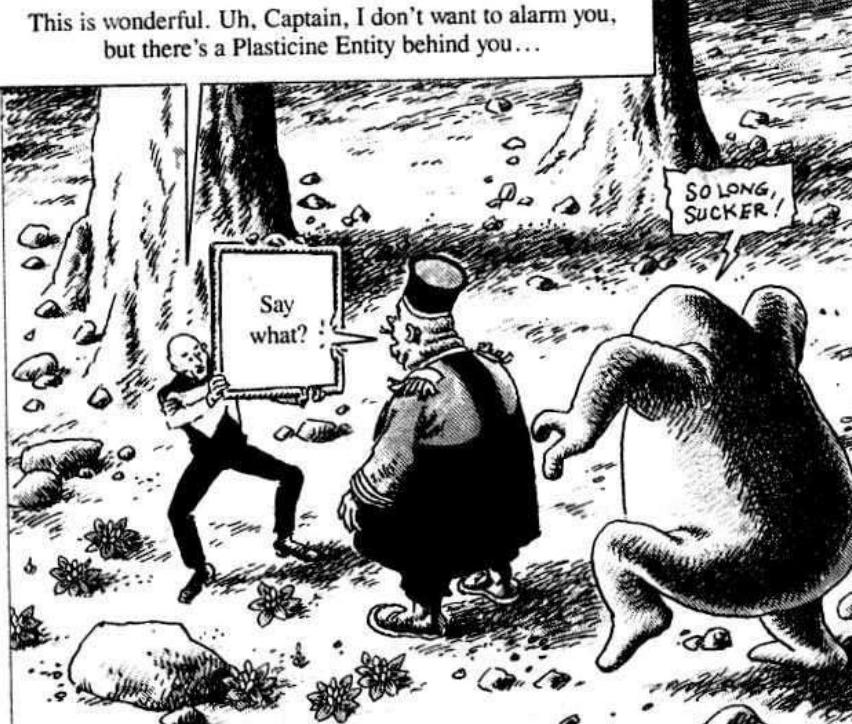
La Fudge, what's happening down there?

I'm not sure; there are two life forms. I can see fuzzy shapes. Wait, now there are three shapes.



This is wonderful. Uh, Captain, I don't want to alarm you, but there's a Plasticine Entity behind you...

SO LONG, SUCKER!



I'm picking up a violent turbulence on the planet's surface. There are only two fuzzy shapes now!

They have lifted the magnetic field.

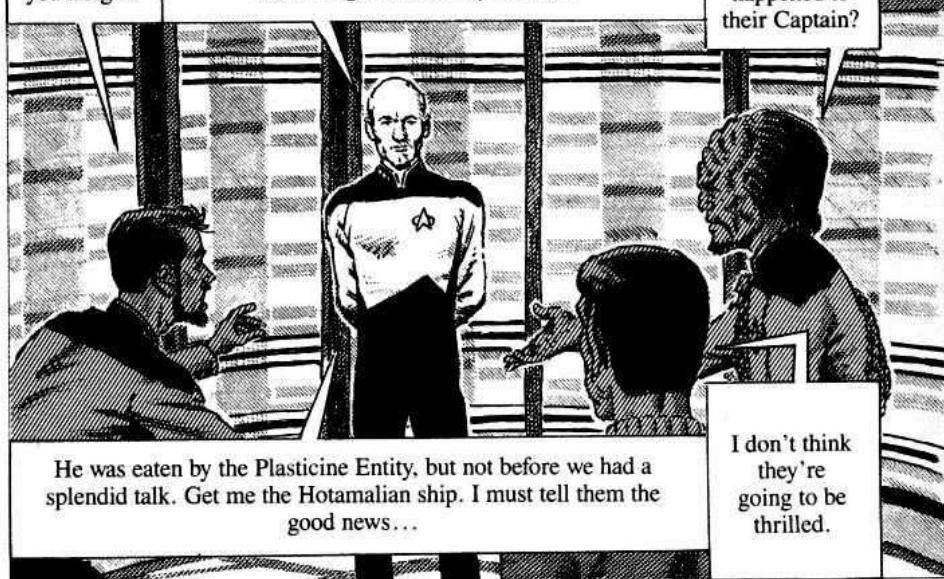


If the Captain is one of those fuzzy shapes, transport him back to the ship!

Captain, are you alright?

I never felt better. I learned the secret of conversing with the Hotamalians.

What happened to their Captain?

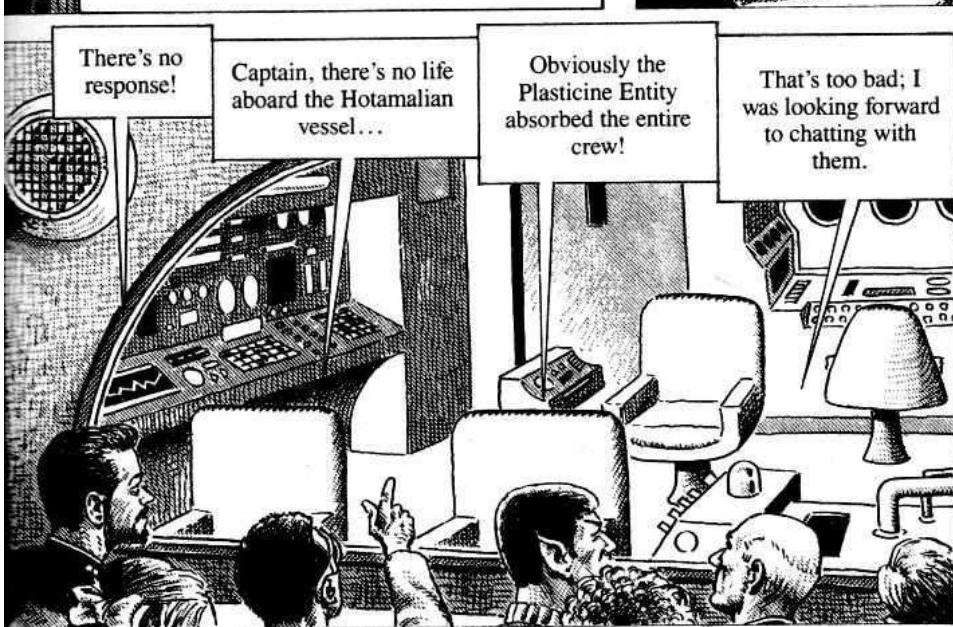


There's no response!

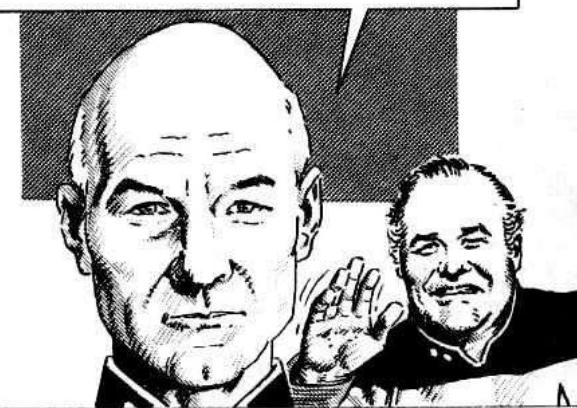
Captain, there's no life aboard the Hotamalian vessel...

Obviously the Plasticine Entity absorbed the entire crew!

That's too bad; I was looking forward to chatting with them.



Captain's Log, Stardate 40084.5. Attempts to communicate with the Hotamalian ship proved futile. We believe the Entity ate the crew. Naturally, all of this exciting action took place off screen, as usual.



Captain, I hate to interrupt your soliloquy, but the Entity is approaching at warp speed!!!

Prepare to launch torpedoes...

Belay that order! We are going to attempt to communicate with the Entity!!



Captain, may I speak freely? At the Academy, I know you were a communications major but don't you think you're carrying this stuff too far?

Captain, he did wipe out the entire Hotamalian crew. I concur with No. 1, he should be destroyed?

It might have had a good reason; perhaps it was hungry or maybe they dissed him. Doo Doo, attempt to establish contact with the Entity.



Sir, it's receptive to our signals. I'm picking up gravitation impulses.

Can you decipher the patterns?

Wait, I think I've got it! By George, I've got it....!



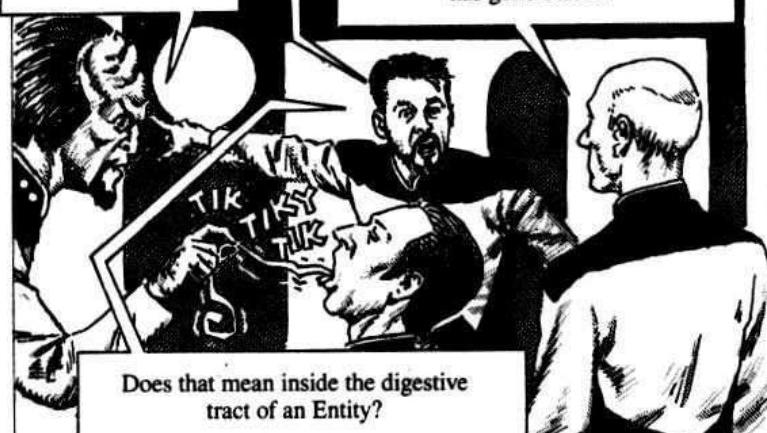
We have to erase those old movies from Doo Doo's memory bank. Switch to manual readout...

It says, BURP... wait, there's more.

Fee fi fo fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman...

Captain, we've got to destroy that thing before it kills all of us!

Number 1, we are not hunters. Our job is to boldly go where no man has gone before.

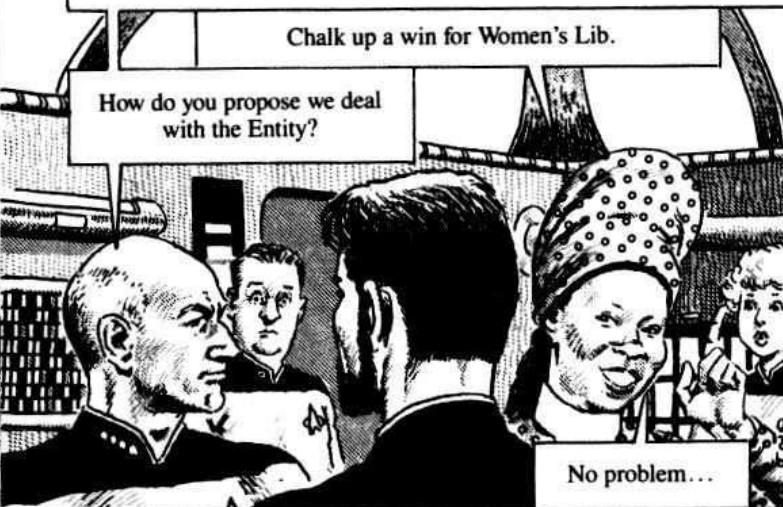


Does that mean inside the digestive tract of an Entity?

I'm relieving you of all duties, report to your quarters. Guinerd, I trust your judgement. You're my new Number 1!

Chalk up a win for Women's Lib.

How do you propose we deal with the Entity?



No problem...

First we feed that sucker. Hearty appetite, dude!



Then we waste him!!

Special Guest Star Log, Stardate 40084.9. I am not capable of emotion but if I were, I'd feel happy. Sanity and logic have finally returned to the Exitprize. There indeed is hope for the next generation. Beam me aboard, Scotty.

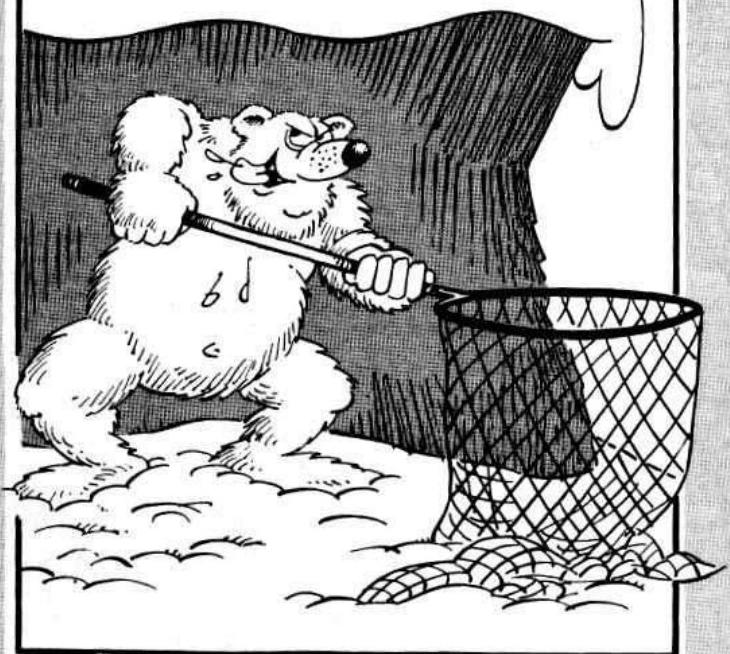
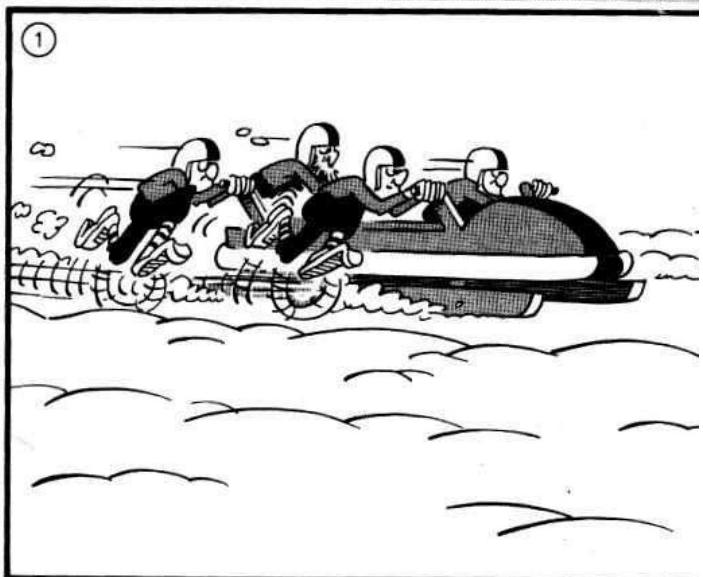
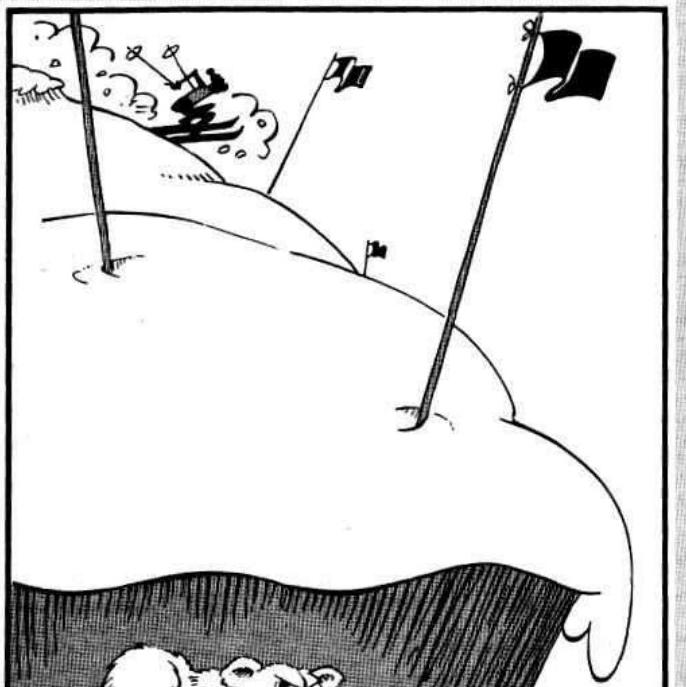
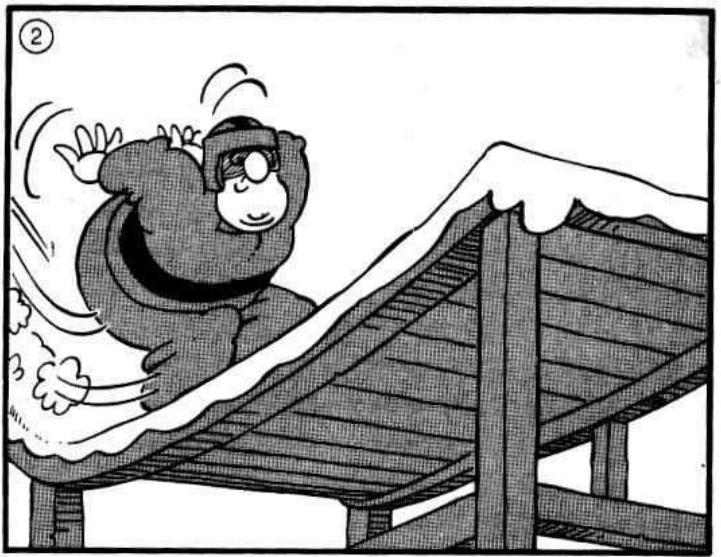
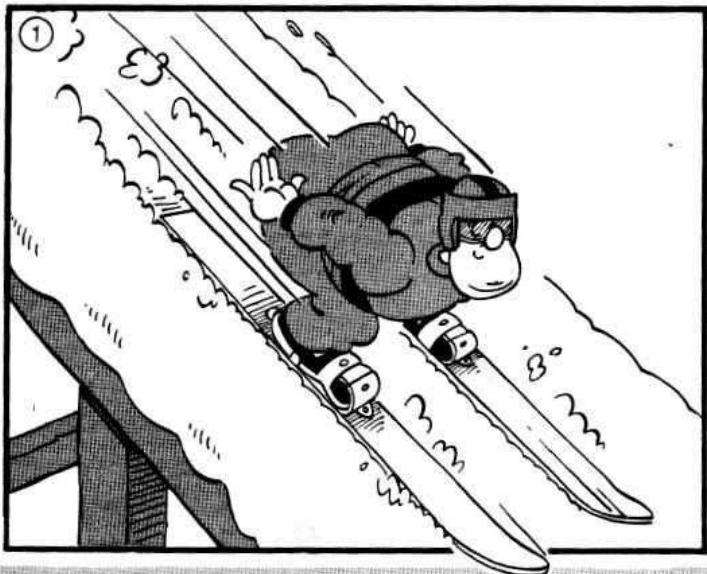


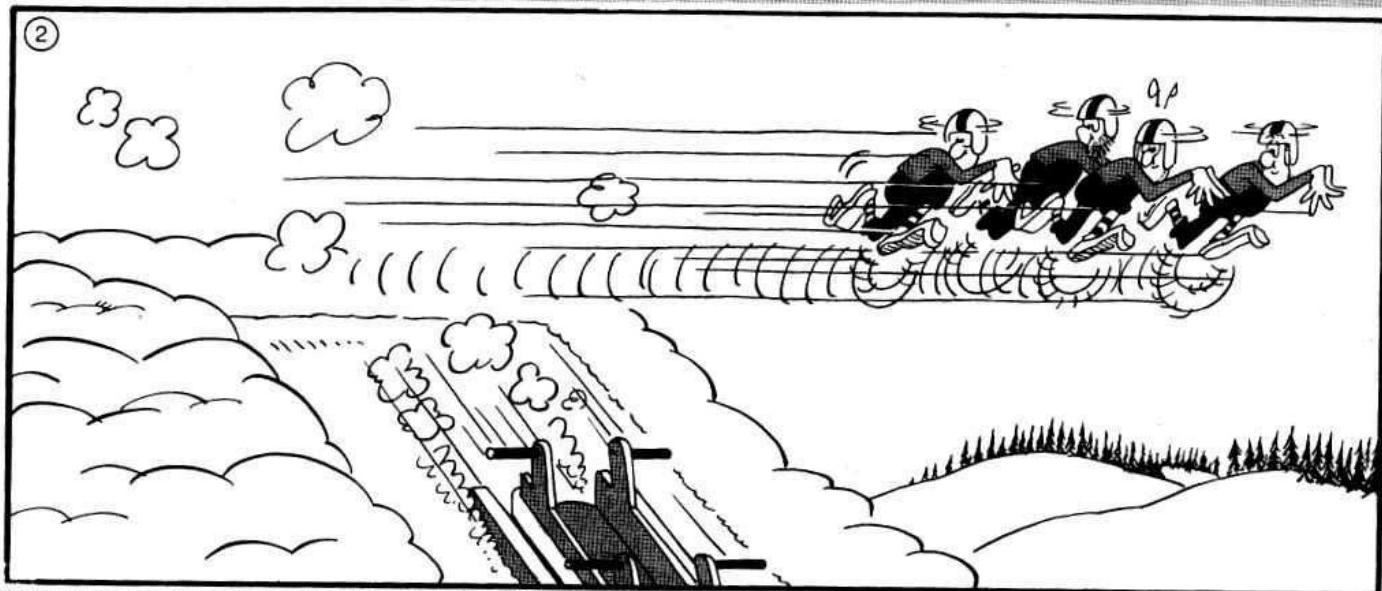
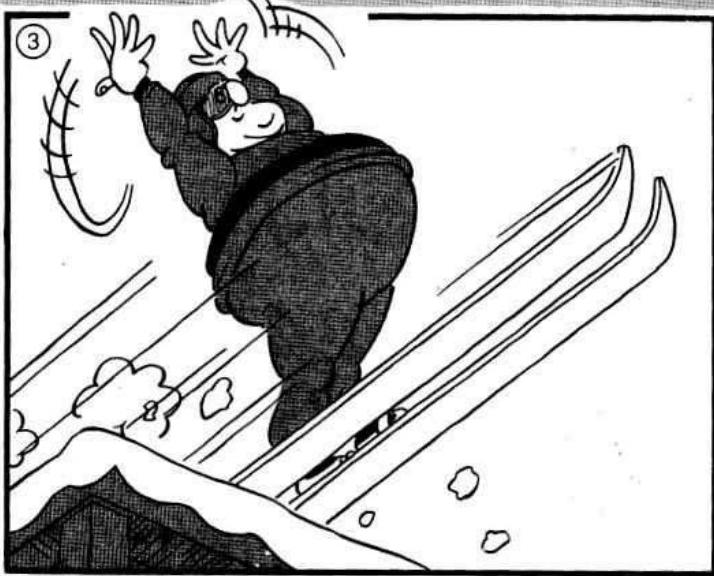
THE END

Don Martin's

WINTER OLYMPICS







OREHEK at LARGE at a

ALL THE BOYS VOTED
ME "MOST FAVORITE
TEACHER" AGAIN THIS
YEAR! I DON'T DESERVE
SUCH AN HONOR...

OH, YOU DO!
YOU DO!

... AND I SAY TO YOU MY FELLOW
STUDENTS THAT I'M BETTER THAN
YOU, AND I'LL MAKE MORE MONEY
THAN YOU'LL EVER SEE IN YOUR LIFE!

WHAT EVER HAPPENED
TO THE MAKING THE
WORLD A BETTER
PLACE TO LIVE IN, EH?

WHO'S SHE
KIDDING, GUYS?

MAN, I WOULD
NEVER HAVE
GRADUATED
IF I HAD HER
FOR A TEACHER!

I'M SO ASHAMED, MY
SON DID HORRIBLE
ON HIS S.A.T.S.!

THAT'S NOTHING, MY
SON COULDN'T
EVEN SPELL IT!

OUR SON GOT 35
SCHOLARSHIP OFFERS.

MAN, WHY ARE YOU
DEPRESSED? WE'RE
FINALLY GETTING
OUT OF SCHOOL!

YEAH, BUT MY DAD
SAID THAT THE
SCHOOL YEARS ARE
THE BEST YEARS
OF MY LIFE!

BLUMMER!

REMEMBER OUR
GRADUATION FROM
GRAVEYARD HIGH,
MORTICIA?

AWESOME!

C'MON, WILBUR,
PUT SOME
EMOTION INTO IT!

QUIET, HARVEY,
THIS IS A TAKE!

WILBUR, GRAB.

YOU GRADUATED
MAGNA CUM ZOMBIE,
GOMEZ, I WAS SO
PROUD...

HE MUST BE A
BRILLIANT STUDENT!

NO, HE'S 7'
6" TALL!



HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION

WRITER:
STEVE STRANGIO
ARTIST:
DON CHEREK

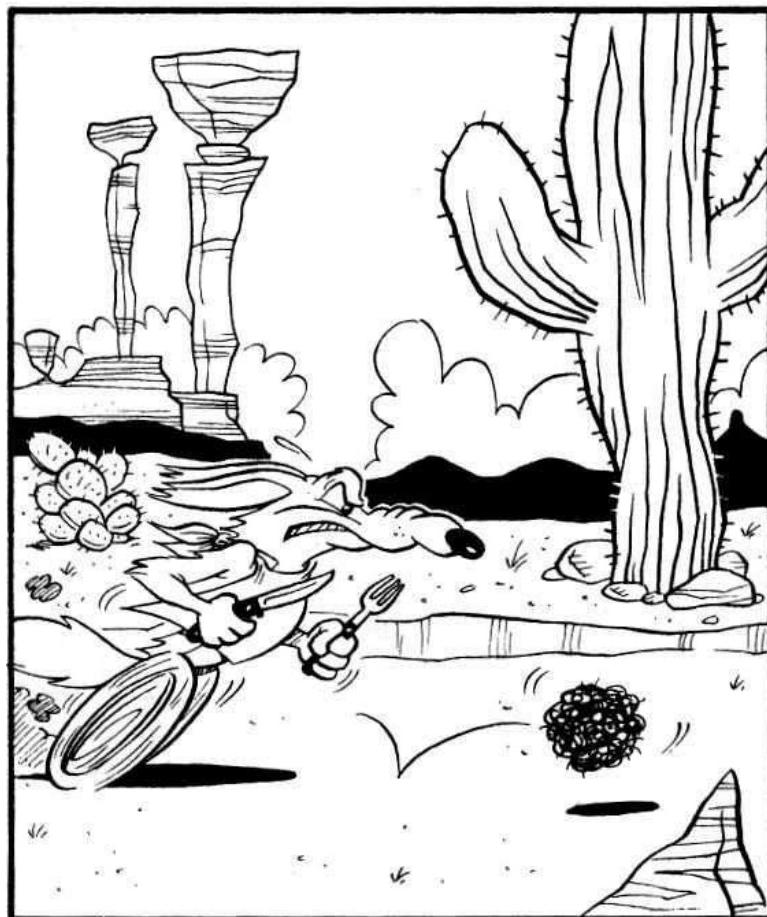


Vie ri ng Off

by JED VIER
art by G.FIELDS



Sleeping Beauty meets Rip Van Winkle.



After years of frustration, the Coyote becomes a vegetarian.



Mr. Snowman decides to put his squirting flower away for the winter.



The short-lived sport of Sand Diving.



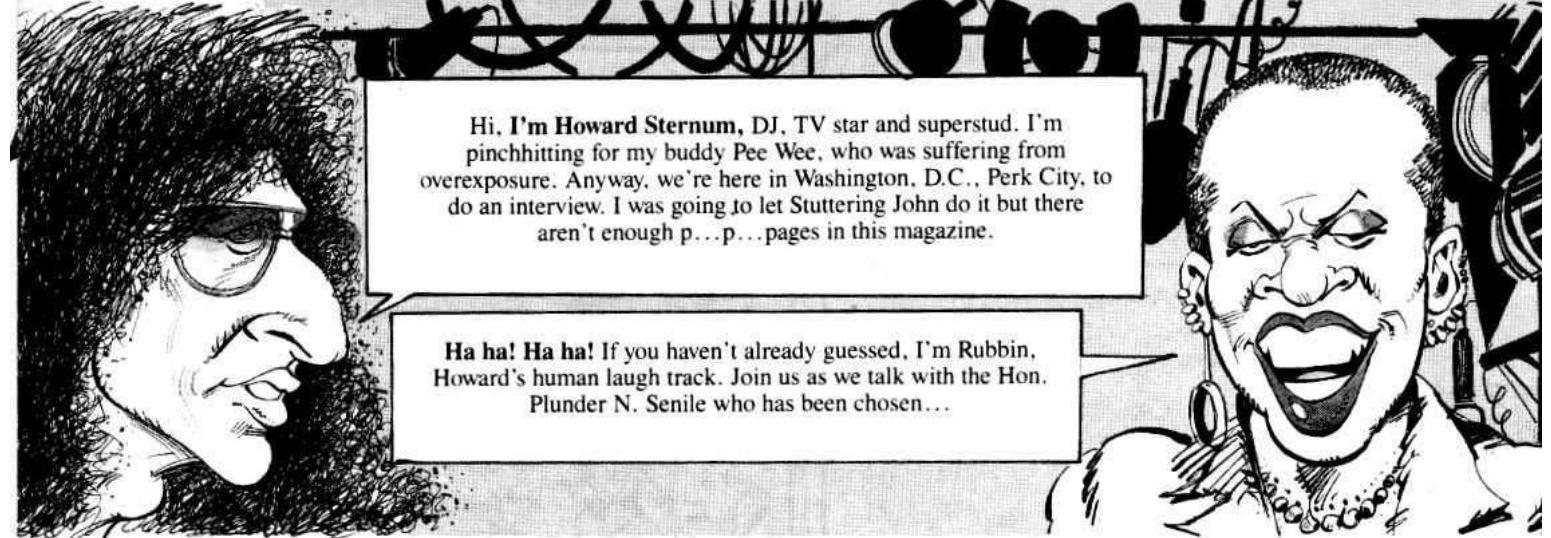
Mental floss.



As a baby, Spider-Man liked to play tricks on his parents.



Cow-A-Bungee.



Hi, I'm Howard Sternum, DJ, TV star and superstud. I'm pinchhitting for my buddy Pee Wee, who was suffering from overexposure. Anyway, we're here in Washington, D.C., Perk City, to do an interview. I was going to let Stuttering John do it but there aren't enough p...p...pages in this magazine.

Ha ha! Ha ha! If you haven't already guessed, I'm Rubbin, Howard's human laugh track. Join us as we talk with the Hon. Plunder N. Senile who has been chosen...

CRACKED SENATOR OF THE YEAR

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

ARTIST: WALTER BROGAN

Honorable...man, that's probably the funniest thing that's gonna be in this article. Senator, who are all these babes?

This is my dedicated staff, they help me serve my public.

My job is to see that the Senator's rug is on straight when he goes on TV.

Ah got an important job, too, I walk the Senator's dog.

Big deal!
My job is to...

Now, Lulubelle, these good folks ain't interested in what you do.

I am.

This is a family type magazine, Howard.

You taxpayers...who else?

TA-TA-TA-TA-TA-TA...



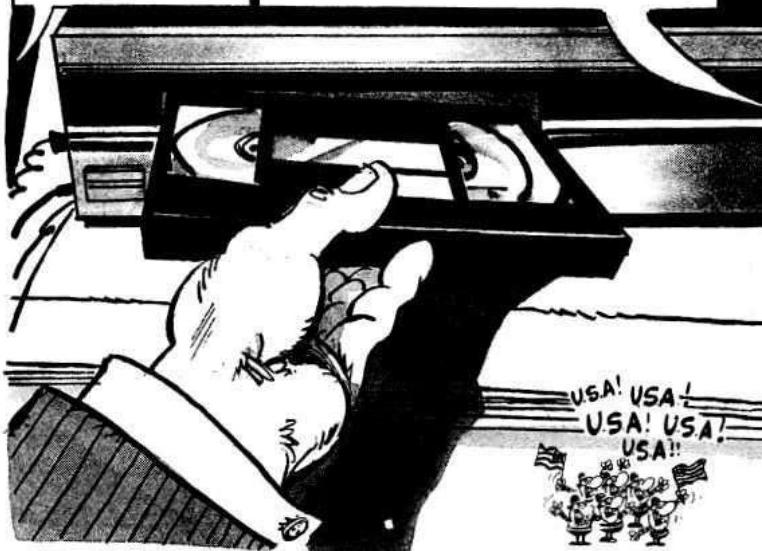
Do you have any relatives on your payroll?

That wouldn't be ethical. I hire another Senator's relatives and he hires mine; now, that's ethical. And I should know, I'm Chairman of the Ethics Committee.



What does the Ethics Committee do?

Here, I'll show you. I was caught, I mean, **unjustly charged**, with a conflict of interest.



Senator, you are charged with awarding a large government contract to one of your major contributors.

By George, that's just a coincidence!

Would you believe the same thing happened to me?

I move that we drop the charges against our Honorable buddy.

So say we all!



No wonder you guys meet behind closed doors.

Well, Howard, as the good book says, "Let he who is without sin cast the first stone."

You're saying you have **enough dirt** on all those guys to **bury them**?

You got that right.

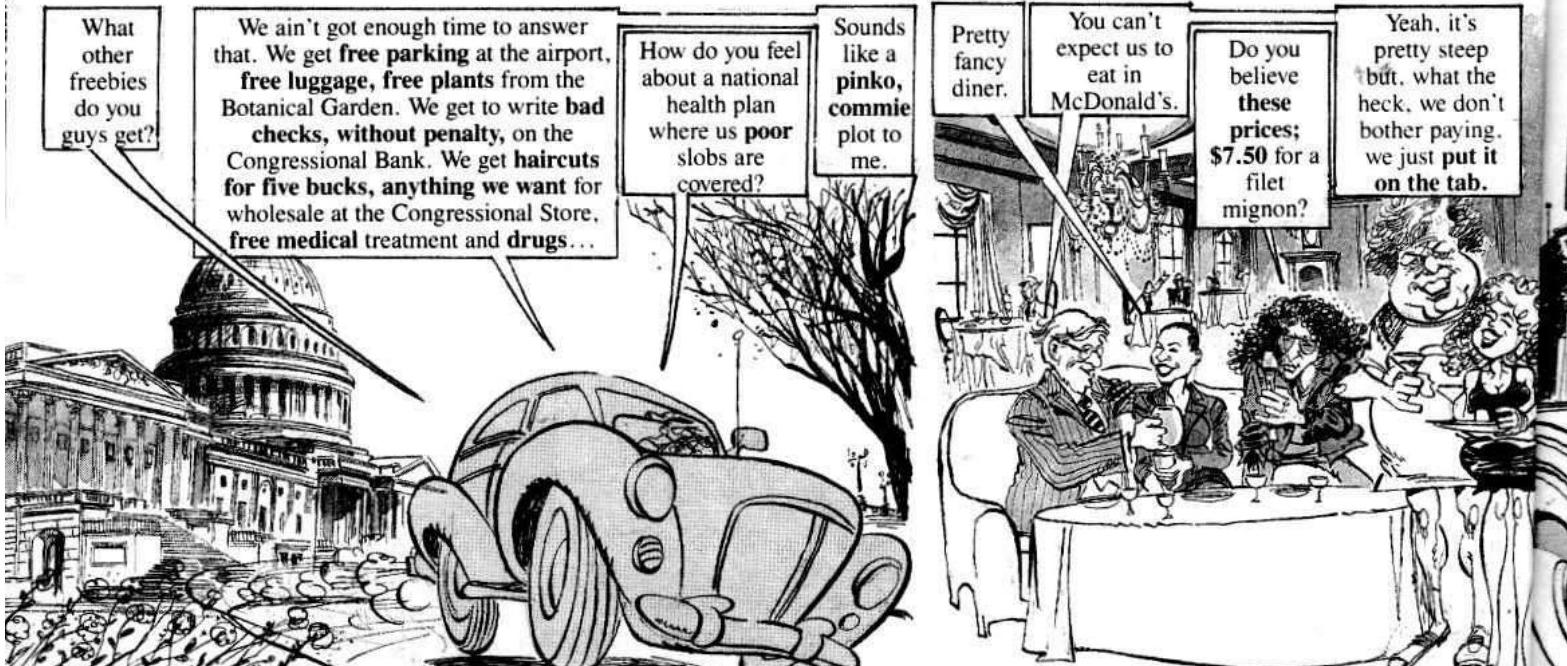
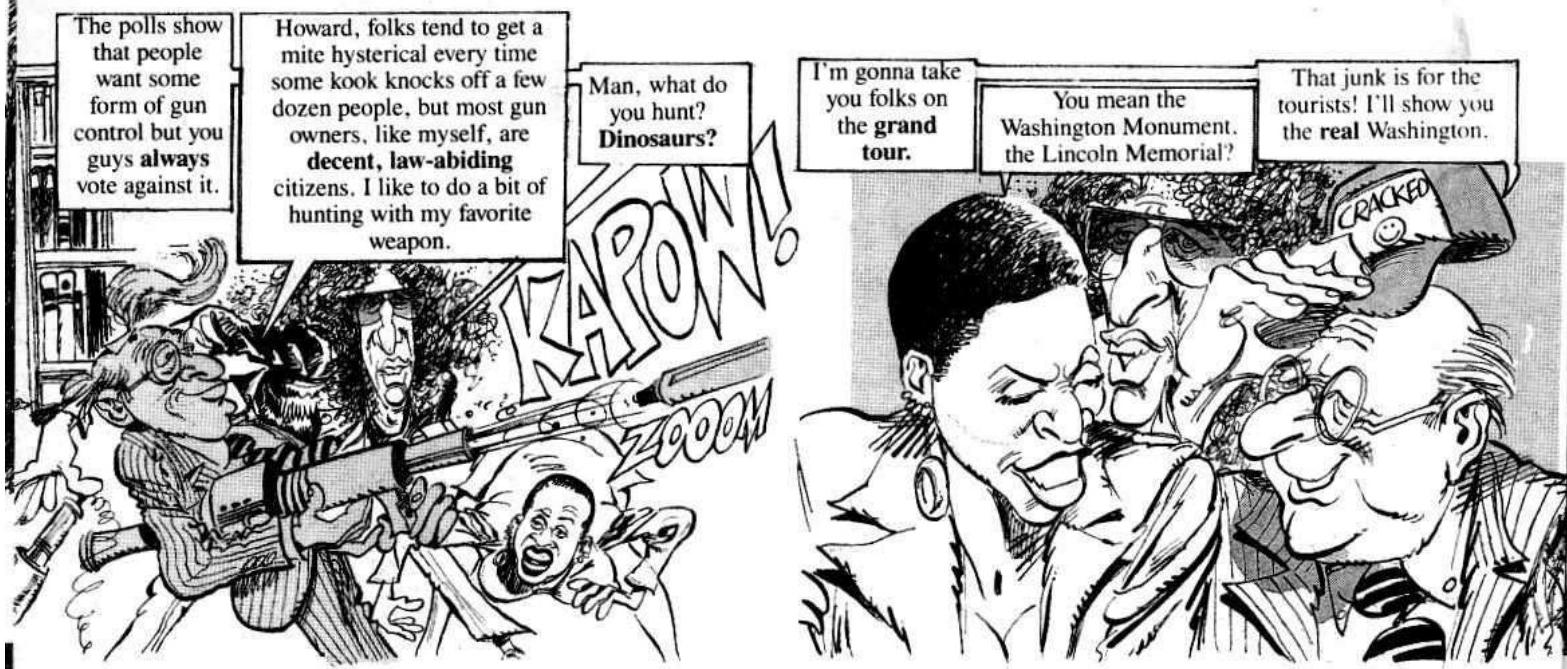


Gimme a million dollars worth of stamps.

I heard you spent a million bucks of taxpayers' money, telling your constituents you beat the rap.

I'm a busy man, Howard. I can't spend all day waiting in line at the Post Office.





And they say there's no such thing as a free lunch.

And don't forget, dinner and breakfast, too. Senator, how come you miss so many roll call votes?

I show up for the important stuff, like that midnight vote to give ourselves a hefty raise.

Do you travel much at taxpayers expense?

It's part of my job to go on fact finding missions. So, you go to the trouble spots of the world?

I'm leaving on a little trip to Tahiti. Usually, I use an Air Force plane but some manufacturer is kind enough to fly me and my party for free, aboard their corporate jet. They're also paying me to give a speech.

How come they're so good to you?

They must like my speeches...

No, to the warm spots. I hate the Washington winters!

It has nothing to do with the fact that there's a bill before my committee that could cost them a fortune, unless I vote to kill it.

Man, in my business we call that payola and it ain't legal!

Right, payoffs are against the law but this is PAC money and it's perfectly legal.

What do you do with all the money you receive?

I use it for my reelection campaign. So far, I've collected five million.

What happens to any money left over?

Guess who gets to keep it? Don't blame me; it's the law of the land.

Who passed that stupid law?

Congress, who else? Ha ha.



What do you think about the movement to limit you guys to two terms?

If the voters knew we collect over a million and a half in retirement benefits, they wouldn't be so anxious to expel us. Seriously, the American people would be the real losers if they put a limit on our terms. How would they attract honest, hard-working, decent representatives?

Name one...

Me.

One last question. What, in your opinion, is the most important job you have as a U.S. senator?

That's easy...gettin' reelected. Come on, girls, wave bye bye to Howard.

This is Howard Sternum, signing off, for Cracked Magazine.





CRACKED'S

NEW, REVAMPED

(AND LOTS MORE INTERESTING)

OLYMPIC EVENTS

LOOP-DE-LUGE

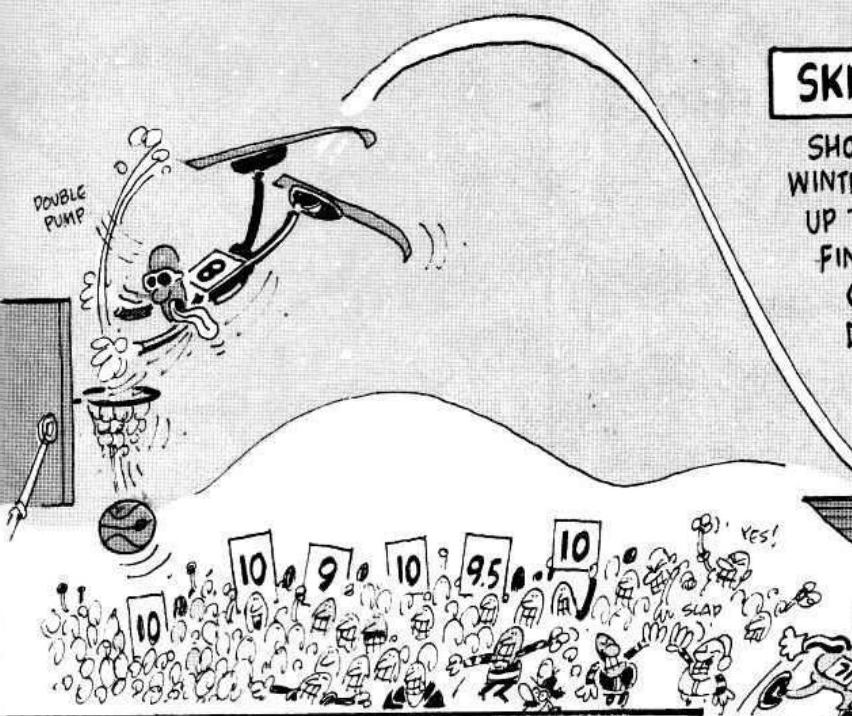
CRACKED FEELS RIDING DOWN A SNOW-COVERED HILL ON A TINY LITTLE SLED JUST DOESN'T CUT IT.... SO THREE 200 FT. ROLLER COASTER LOOPS WOULD BE ADDED TO THE COURSE FOR EXTRA THRILLS... EARLY FAVORITES APPEAR TO BE THE SWISS, ITALIANS, AND ANYONE WHO'S BEEN TO BUSCH GARDENS...

FIGURE SKATING DICTIONARY

INSTEAD OF COMPULSORY FIGURE 8'S, COMPETITORS MUST SKATE DRAWINGS OF CLUES FOR THEIR TEAMMATES, BEFORE SAND RUNS OUT ON THE 2-MINUTE TIMER...

SKI JUMP/SLAM DUNK COMPETITION

SHOULD BE MOST POPULAR EVENT OF THE WINTER OLYMPICS... JUMPERS MUST FLY UP TO 300 FEET OFF RAMP, AND FINISH WITH A SPECTACULAR JAM... COULD SPELL END OF NORWEGIAN DOMINANCE IN SKI JUMP COMPETITIONS



KILLER BEE SLALOM

CRACKED HAS REPLACED BORING FLAGS ASSOCIATED WITH NORMAL SLALOM (THAT SKIERS ARE ALLOWED TO RUN INTO, ANYWAY) WITH BEE HIVES.

SKIER, HAVING TO AVOID THEM TOTALLY (OR BE SWARMED) WILL BE MORE CONSCIOUS OF TECHNIQUE, AND MORE INTERESTING TO WATCH...



SYNCHRONIZED SNEEZING

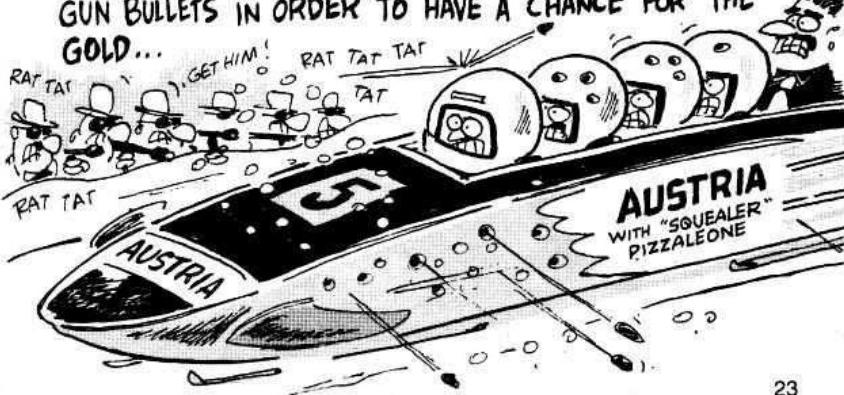
"HACHOO! HACHOO!" CAPITALIZING ON POPULARITY OF "SYNCHRONIZED SWIMMING" IN SUMMER OLYMPICS, THIS CRACKED EVENT PAIRS WOMEN IN BATHING SUITS WHO MUST SIMULTANEOUSLY CATCH PNEUMONIA IN SUB-ZERO WEATHER AND THEN SNEEZE IN UNISON FOR TOP SCORES...

GESUNDHEIT!
GESUNDHEIT!



MOBSLED

4-MAN TEAMS CAREEN DOWN ICY COURSE CARRYING A KEY MAFIA INFORMER... SLED MUST MAINTAIN TOP SPEEDS AND DODGE THOUSANDS OF MACHINE GUN BULLETS IN ORDER TO HAVE A CHANCE FOR THE GOLD...



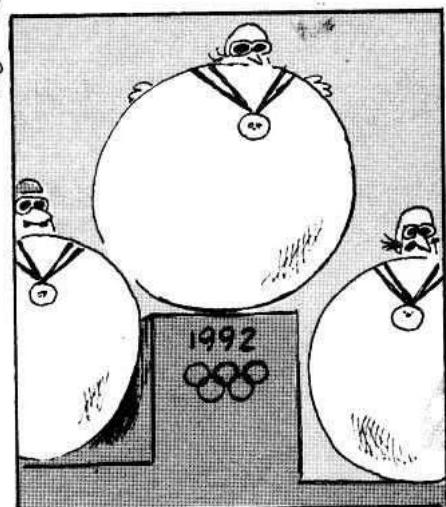
SAND HOCKEY

WITH U.S.-SOVIET RELATIONS MUCH IMPROVED SINCE THE FALL OF COMMUNISM, ICE HOCKEY RIVALRY ISN'T NEARLY AS FIERCE...
...CRACKED SUGGESTS COUNTRIES THAT **HATE** EACH OTHER MORE (LIKE THE ENTIRE MIDDLE EAST) FACE OFF IN A SCORCHING DESERT SAND RINK...



CROSS-FREEWAY SKIING

USUALLY TEDIOUS CROSS-COUNTRY EVENT OVER MILES OF FLAT, UNINTERESTING SNOW CAN BE LIVENED UP BY HAVING SKIERS MAKE IT ACROSS BUSY 6-LANE FRENCH THRUWAY (WITH NOTORIOUSLY AWFUL FRENCH DRIVERS) DURING RUSH HOUR...



PROPERLY PADDED COMPETITORS HAVE SELVES PACKED IN SNOW AND THEN **ROLLED** DOWN STEEP COURSE... THOSE WITH FASTEST TIMES ARE THEN **ROLLED** TO UNIQUE MEDAL AWARDS CEREMONIES PRIOR TO BEING THAWED OUT

THE CANDIDATE

SEVERIN

David, we gotta change your image.

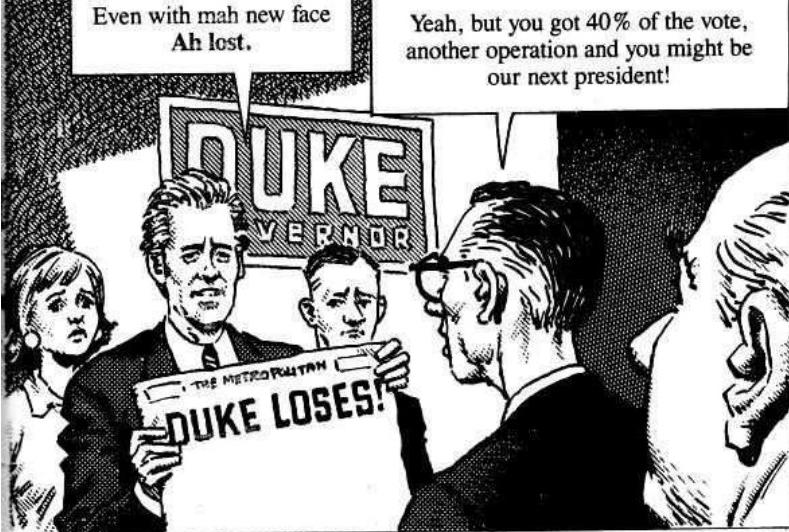
You mean take off my sheet?

No, I mean your nose, your face. We're talking plastic surgery. This is the TV era and image is everything.



Even with mah new face
Ah lost.

Yeah, but you got 40% of the vote,
another operation and you might be
our next president!



You idiot!

Well, you said you wanted a face that would make you really popular.



THROW OUT THE CLOWNS

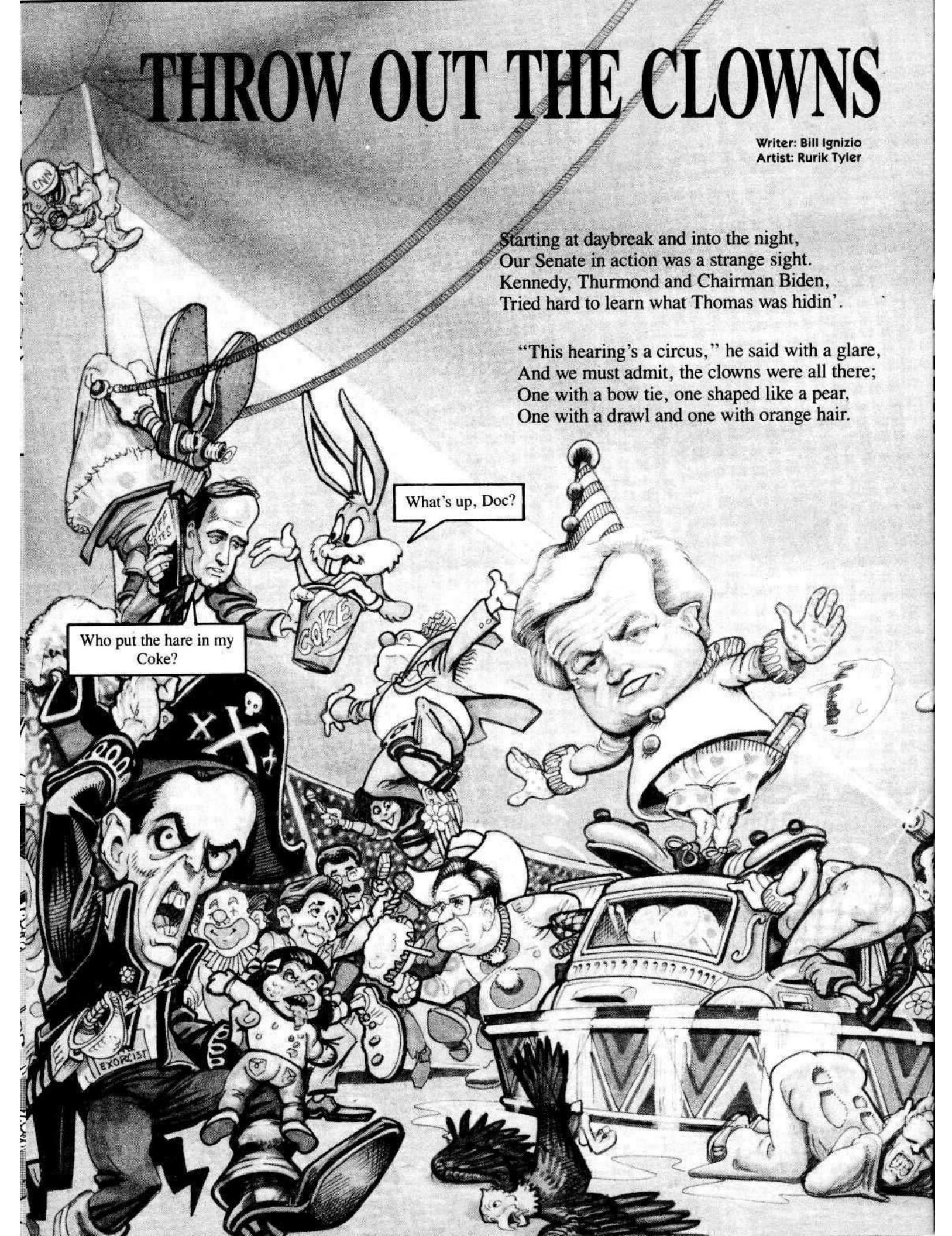
Writer: Bill Ignizio
Artist: Rurik Tyler

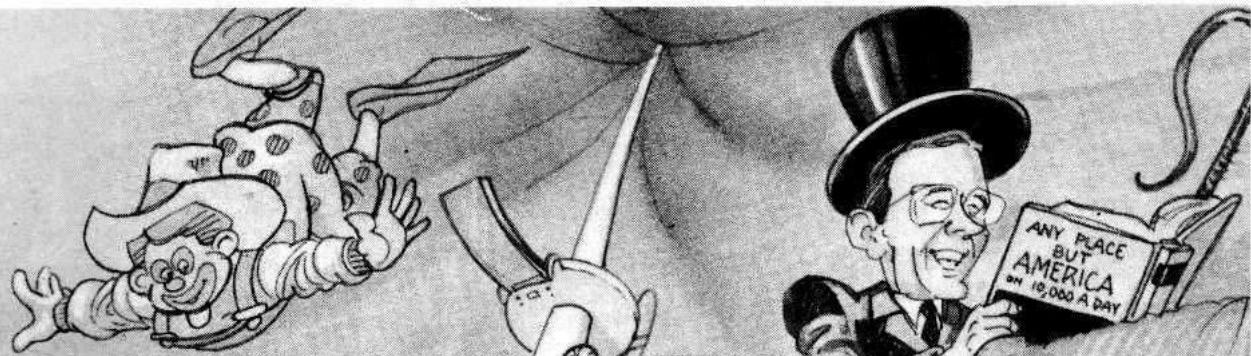
Starting at daybreak and into the night,
Our Senate in action was a strange sight.
Kennedy, Thurmond and Chairman Biden,
Tried hard to learn what Thomas was hidin'.

"This hearing's a circus," he said with a glare,
And we must admit, the clowns were all there;
One with a bow tie, one shaped like a pear,
One with a drawl and one with orange hair.

Who put the hare in my Coke?

What's up, Doc?





Those good ol' boys soon tore into Hill.
Their fangs were bared, they went for the kill;
With talk of body parts—oh, what a show!
We heard much more than we wanted to know.

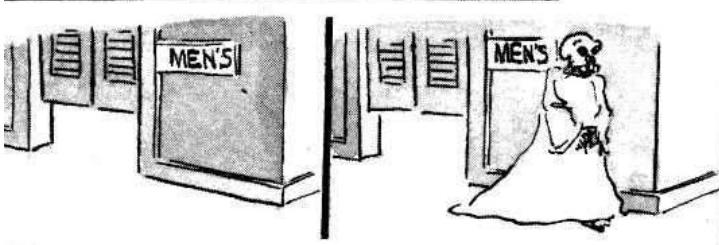
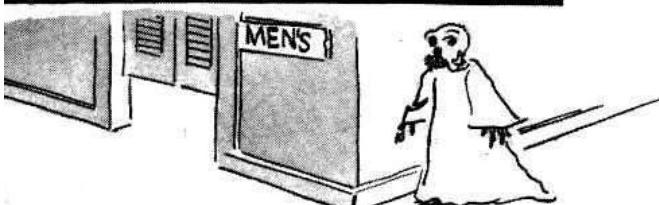
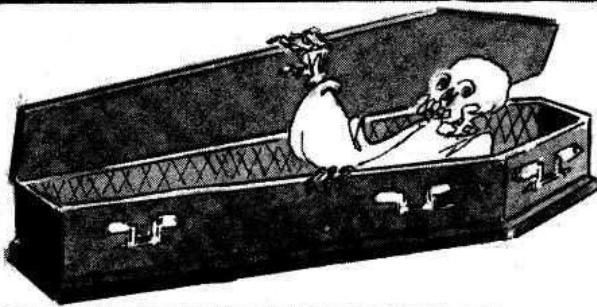
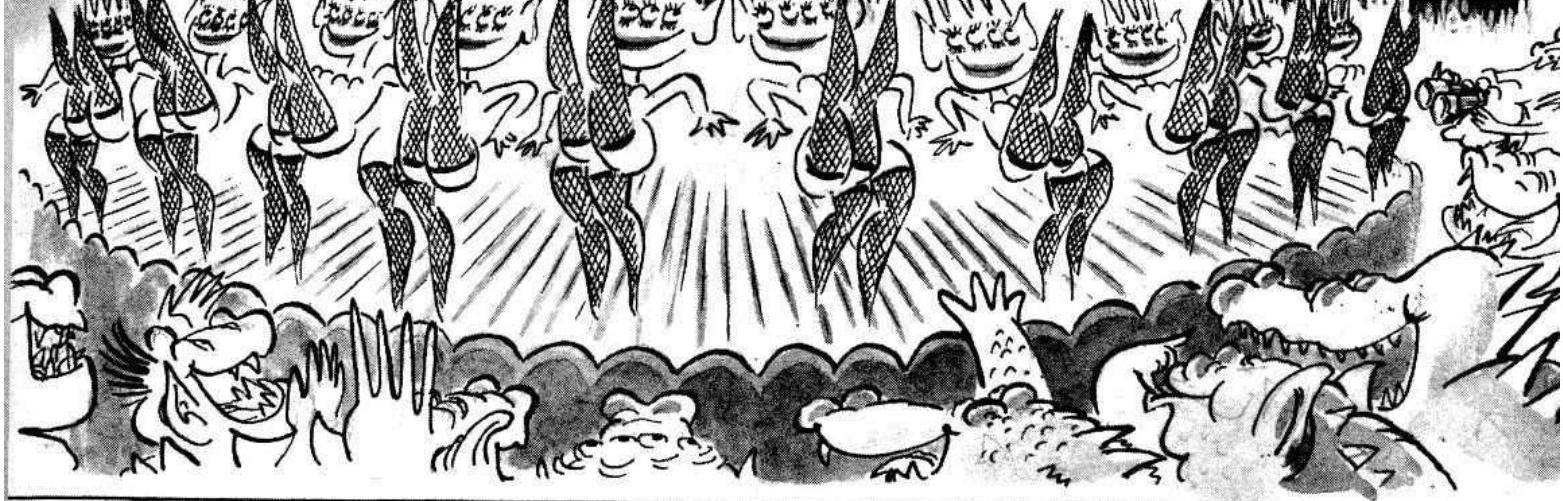
Thomas was grilled in front of the nation,
But still ended up with his confirmation.
He always hung tough, he just wouldn't budge,
So now we must say: "Here comes the Judge!"

Homey, you belong in the Senate!

No, I don't think so. Homey
don't play that, it's too stupid!

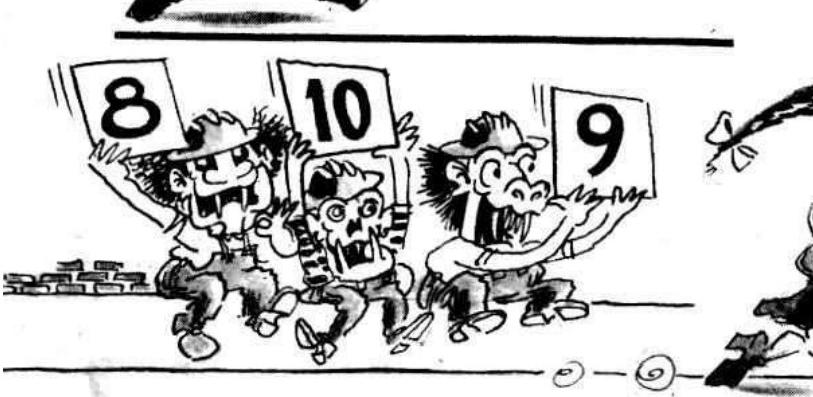


SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE



MONGIERS!!

by ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI



The CRACKED VIDiot MUSICK AWARDS

SCRIPT: PAUL CASTIGLIA

ART: PETE FITZGERALD '91

YO, GIVE IT UP, POSSE!
I'M HONORED TO BE HERE
TONIGHT--ESPECIALLY
SINCE THERE'S SUCH
A RICH HERITAGE OF
COMEDIANS WHO'VE
DABBLED IN MUSIC!
WHO COULD FORGET
JACK BENNY'S
WONDERFUL FIDDLING?

HEARD ANY
GOOD JOKES
LATELY?
HA HA-I'M
PEE WEE
HERMAN
MUNSTER.
WELCOME
TO-

AND HERE IS YOUR
HOST FOR THE EVENING,
ARSENIC HALL!

OR BRUCE
WILLIS'
"RETURN OF
BRUNO"?

AND MY FUNKY
FRESH HOMEBOY EDDIE
MURPHY'S STELLAR
SINGING DEBUT, "HOW
COULD IT BE?"!

I WANT TO KNOW
'HOW IT COULD BE'
RELEASED. DER
CHERK RESPONSIBLE
SHOULD BE TERMINATED!

HEY--WHO'S
THAT CHASIN'
US?!!

THAT'S CARNY
TENT OF WILSON-
PHILIPS-HEAD. I
TRIED TO TELL HER--
WE'RE NOT THE
COMPLIMENTARY BISCUITS,
WE'RE THE TRAVELING
PILSB'RYS!

OH NO--TOM
PETTY-THIEF
JUST MADE
OFF WITH MY
COSTUME!

WHY ARE YOU SO MAD, DONNA?

EVERYBODY'S
WRITING BEST
SELLING BOOKS
ABOUT MY LIFE
AND I DON'T
HAVE A
PIECE OF THE
ACTION!

COSTUME?
I THOUGHT
THAT WAS
YOUR
HANKIE!



OUR FIRST CATEGORY IS:
BEST POOP MUSIC VIDEO!

AND THE NOMINEES ARE... SILLY MILDENWY FOR
"BLAME IT ON OUR VOICE COACH!"...

HOW MANY TIMES MUST VE
TELL YOU-- PLAY ZE RECORD
AT 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ SPEED!

TRYING TO LIP ZINC AT
78 RPM'S COULD BE SUICIDE
TO OUR CAREERS!

OOPS--
SORRY!

HALF-NELSON FOR "I CAN'T LIVE
WITHOUT SOME CALAMINE LOTION"!...

NEW KIDS UNDER A BLOCK OF CEMENT
FOR "STONE BY STONE"...

I TOLD
YOU--
LEAVES
OF 3
LET IT
BE!

SNAP/
SNAP/

HEY--
ISN'T THAT
A BEATLES
SONG?!

AND STAY
UNDER
THERE!

LA

WARGHLL...?

NIL COLLINS FOR "ANOTHER TYPE
OF PARASITE"...

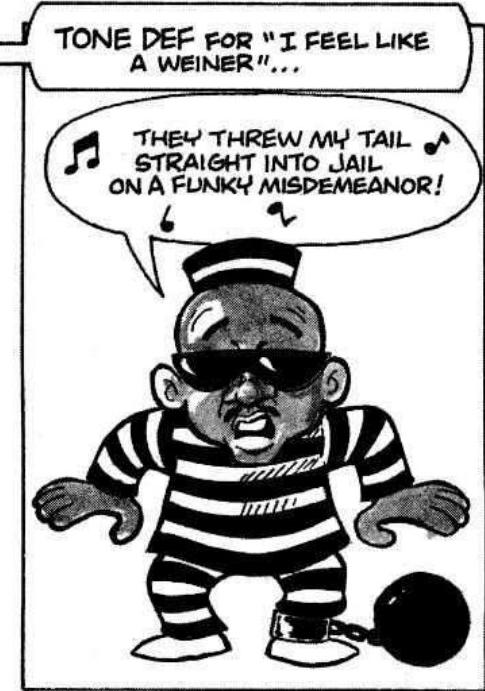
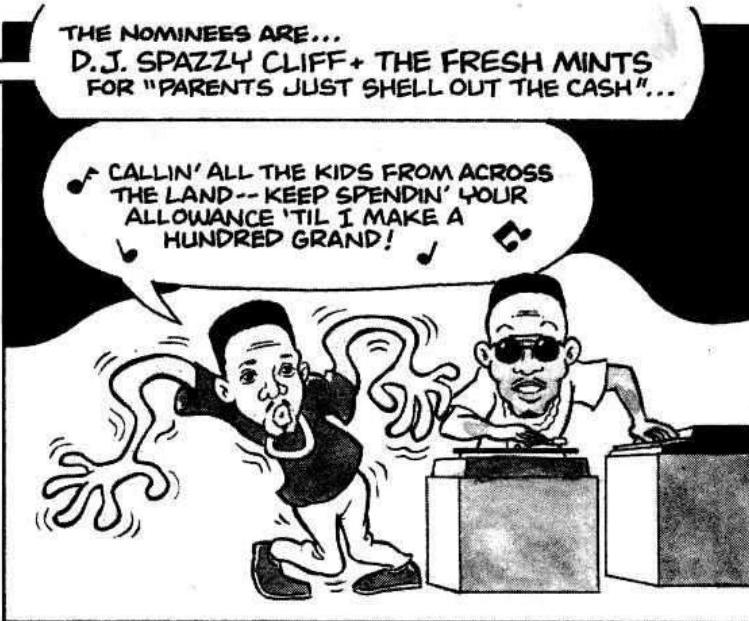
BRING ME YOUR TIRED, YOUR POOR,
YOUR HOMELESS-- I'LL WRITE
SONGS TO CASH
IN ON THEIR
MISERY! ?

EDDIE?

AND THE WINNER-- HEAD + SHOULDERS
ABOVE THE REST-- 2 HEADS, IN
FACT-- HALF-NELSON! CONGRATS,
BOYS-- YOU WERE A
SHOE-IN!

SNAP!

YOU CAN
REMOVE
THE
MAKE-UP
NOW!
OOPS.



I'M PLEASED TO
PRESENT OUR
GUEST PRESENTERS--
RUNS-IN-NOSSES!

{SNIFFLER THANKS.. THE
NOMINEES ARE-- CHOO!

ANT TRACKS FOR "BRING THE EATS"...

EEEEEK!
THEM!
THEM!!

BRING THE MUSTARD!
BRING THE PICKLES!
BRING THE WHOLE PICNIC
BASKET!

MUTTLY CREW FOR "PRIMAL DWEBS"...

✓ PRIMAL SCREAM
YOU SCREAM
WE ALL SCREAM FOR
ICE CREAM!

MENTALLICA FOR "ENTER SAND-DUDE"...

HUSH LITTLE BABY, DON'T
YOU CRY-- SANDMAN'S GONNA
SPRINKLE MUD IN YOUR EYE!

WELL, OUR APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION IS
ONLY PRECEDED BY OUR APPETITE FOR
MUNCHIES-- SO WE'RE PROUD TO GIVE THE
AWARD TO ANT TRACKS! THANK
FOR SHARIN' THE GRUB, DUDES!

YOU AINT'
INVITED!
THIS IS NO
PICNIC!

I'VE HEARD OF
BRINGING THE
HOUSE DOWN--
BUT NEVER THE
HOMEBOY! WOO!

HEY--WHY
NOT SHARE
IT WITH
EVERYBODY?

YEAH--
LET'S
PARTY!

YAY.

PORK
RINDS

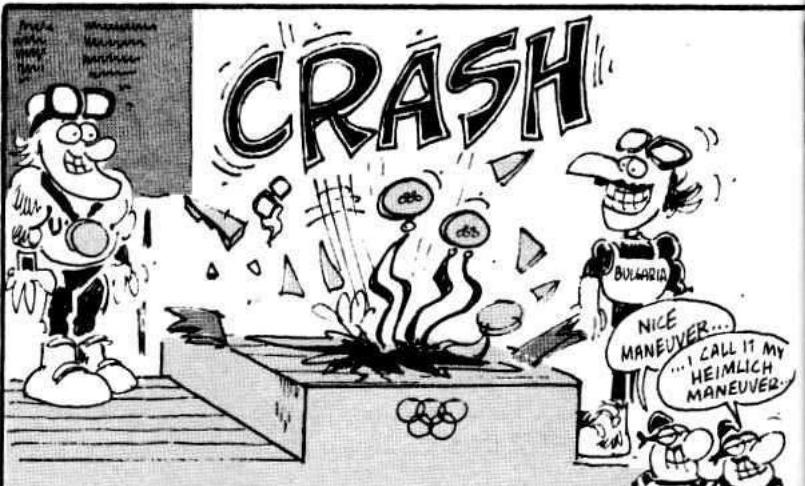
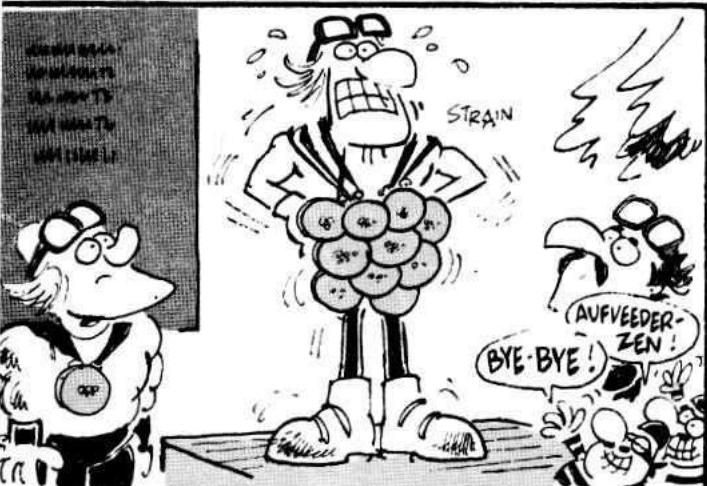
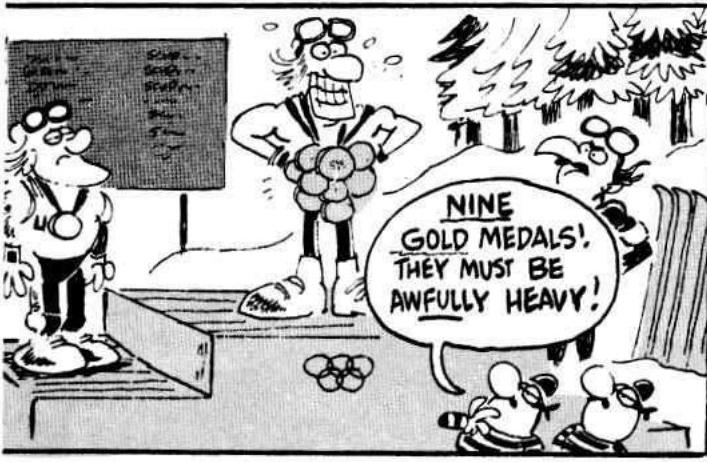
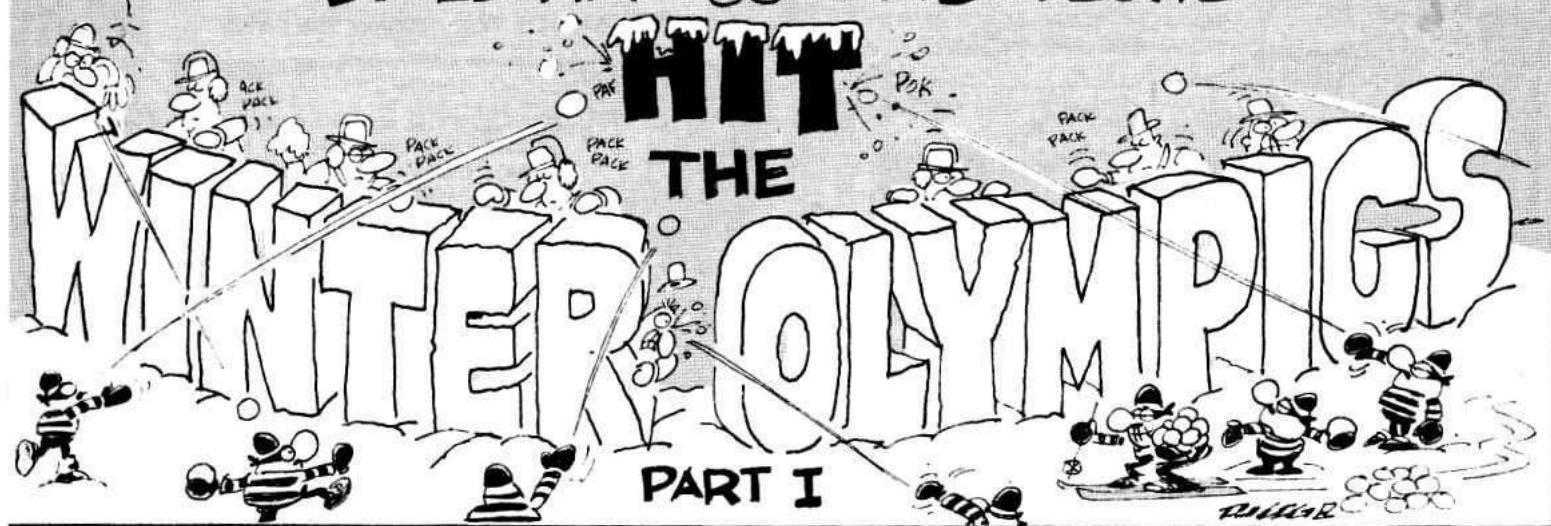
CHIPS

I NEVER TOLD
YOU THIS, BUT
I'VE GOT A
CRUSH
ON YOU,
ARSENIC!

OOF!
GOOD NIGHT,
FOLKS!

END

SPIES AND SABOTEURS



TODAY EVERYBODY IS INTO COLLECTING... MICHAEL JACKSON COLLECTS ANIMALS, LIZ TAYLOR COLLECTS HUSBANDS, THE JAPANESE COLLECT COMPANIES AND SOME STATES. ALL OF WHICH IS OUR STUPID WAY OF INTRODUCING THIS COLLECTION OF... WRITER: GEORGE GLADIR ARTIST: DON CREEK

CRACKED COLLECTORS



HESTER HEARTFLUSTER COLLECTS ELVIS MEMORABILIA BUT ONLY STUFF THAT HAS SURFACED SINCE THE KING ALLEGEDLY DIED.

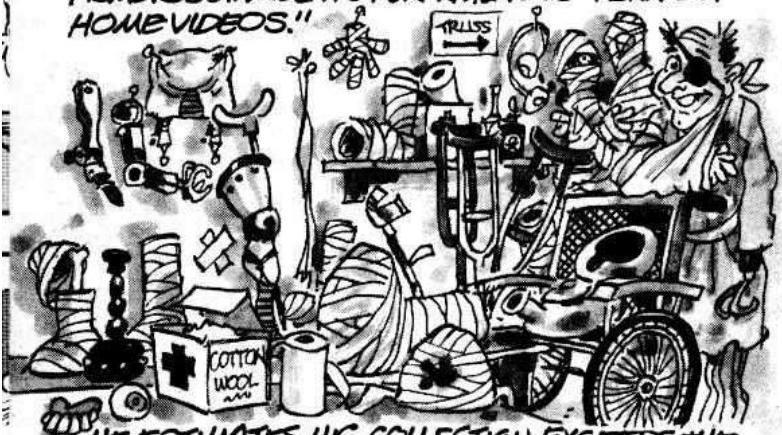
HERE ARE SOME OF THE ITEMS LEFT BEHIND BY ELVIS: A HALF-EATEN WHOPPER WITH HIS TEETH MARKS, FOUND IN A DUMPSTER IN MEMPHIS, TENN., ALSO A PARTIALLY EATEN CREAM PUFF... OCTOBER OF '87. A TICKET STUB USED BY ELVIS FOR A GIRLS HOT-OIL WRESTLING MATCH IN SWAMPONT, MISS. SEPT. 1990. AN EMPTY CAR WAX CAN USED BY ELVIS WHILE EMPLOYED AT A CAR WASH IN FLASHER, ND., ALSO A TAPE OF THE KING'S CONVERSATION TO A 1-900-SWINGER HOTLINE.

OLIVER OVERNIGHT COLLECTS JUNK MAIL. HE ESTIMATES HE HAS WON OVER 125 MILLION DOLLARS.



NOW YOU KNOW WHY YOU HAVEN'T RECEIVED ANY JUNK MAIL.

DESMOND DEMONIAC COLLECTS MEDICAL SUPPLIES USED FOR ACCIDENTS THAT RESULT FROM STAGING HUMOROUS INCIDENTS FOR "AMERICA'S FUNNIEST HOMEVIDEOS."



HE ESTIMATES HIS COLLECTION EXCEEDS THE ENTIRE MEDICAL SUPPLIES USED IN DESERT STORM.

BOBBY JOE BREWS ENJOYS COLLECTING BEER CANS. ENJOYS COLLECTING THE CONTENTS EVEN MORE.



THE ONLY BEER THAT GLOWS IN THE DARK... THAT'S CAUSE THE BREWERY IS NEAR AN ATOMIC DUMP SITE.

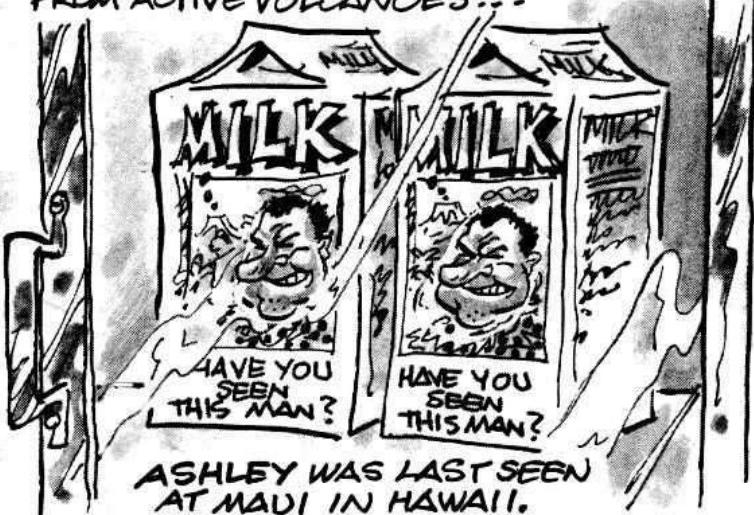
ISSUED TO THIRSTY IRAQI TROOPS. SAD TO SAY THE TABS WERE PLACED ON THE BOTTOM OF THE CAN.

PERRY DONTAL COLLECTS THE BUBBLE GUM THAT COMES WITH BASEBALL CARDS! HE THROWS AWAY THE CARDS...



HIS MOST PRIZED POSSESSION IS THE GUM THAT CAME IN A PACK THAT CONTAINED A MICKEY MANTLE ROOKIE CARD.

ASHLEY VESUVIUS COLLECTS LAVA SAMPLES FROM ACTIVE VOLCANOES...



ASHLEY WAS LAST SEEN AT MAUI IN HAWAII.



A CASE OF EMPTY BILLY BEER CANS GUZZLED BY TED KENNEDY DURING THE CLARENCE THOMAS DEBATE.

**JOE DIZKO COLLECTS OBJECTS
USED BY VARIOUS ROCK GROUPS
TO TRASH THEIR HOTEL ROOMS.**



GAS CAN & MATCHES USED BY NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK... JACKHAMMER USED BY THE ROLLING STONES... CHAINSAW BY SID VICIOUS AND THE BAZOOKA BY GUNS N' ROSES.

ORSON "CHUBBY" CHOLESTEROL COLLECTS JUNK FOOD CONTAINERS...



CHUBBY ALSO HAS ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST COLLECTIONS OF COCKAROACHES PLUS A RECORD NUMBER OF CAVITIES.

RHODA REDENBACKER COLLECTS CELEBRITY POPCORN CONTAINERS.



EDNA EGGHEAD COLLECTS THOSE
FREE FIRST VOLUME SUPER-
MARKET ENCYCLOPEDIAS.

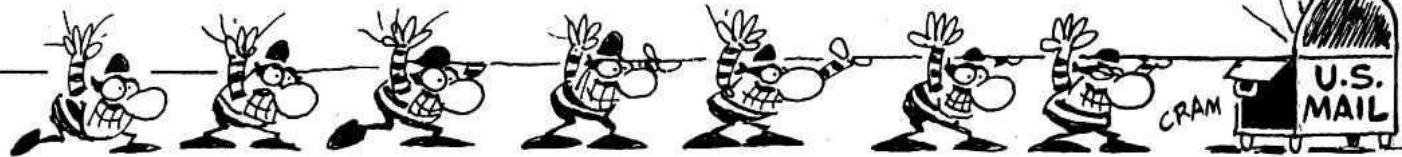


"SHE HAS 279 VOLUMES, ALL "A-AR"
EDNA IS CONSIDERED THE WORLD'S
FOREMOST AUTHORITY ON
AARDVARKS.

**ROSEANNE AND HER HUBBY, CONTAINER DESIGNED FOR MADONNA...
MARLA MAPLE'S GIFT CONTAINER FROM DONALD AND CONTAINER
LISED BY OPRAH TODAY.**

Saboteurs

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

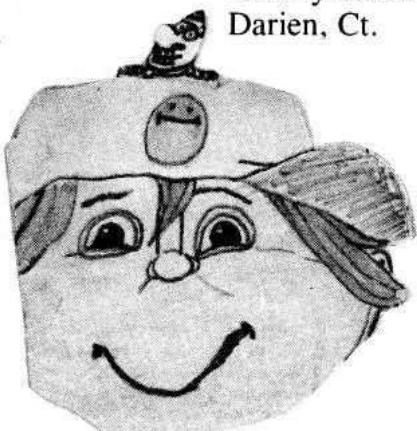


CRACKED LETTERS, 441 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y., N.Y., 10017

MOM AND SON HAIL CRACKED

I really enjoy your magazine! When I get older I would like to draw for Cracked. Here is a sample of my work.

Tommy Koehler
Darien, Ct.



Tommy Koehler, Cracked artist?

(A note from Tommy's mother...)

Tom has been a devoted fan since he was five; he's now seven. I had hoped he'd aim his talent at becoming a Monet or a Wyeth. But I'll settle for a Ricigliano, Tyler, or Martin! Thanks a lot...

Mom Koehler

(A note from Ricig's mother to Tommy's mother...)

Just make sure he keeps his ink off your carpets!

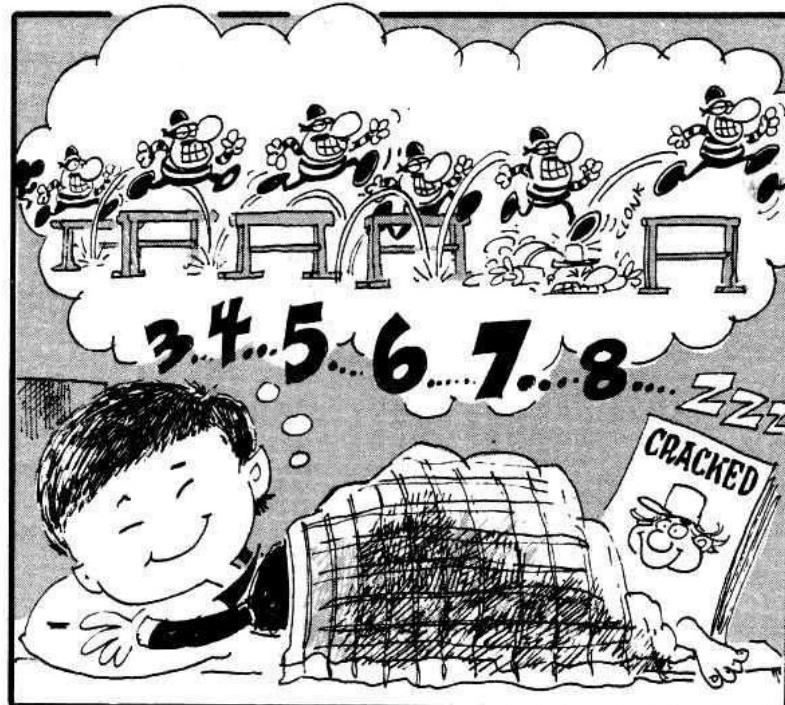
Mom Ricigliano

SPIES AND SABS ALL AROUND US

I think you should make a magazine full of **Spies and Saboteurs!** Put them in movies, TV shows, songs, sports, and posters. **I even count them to go to sleep!** Please write back in the next Cracked. I love Cracked!

Daniel Kredell
Los Angeles, Ca.

Editors: For being such a loyal fan, Daniel, Ricig's sending you this bedtime drawing!



FIFTY YEAR GUARANTEE?

Your magazines are very funny, I like them a lot. I have about ten of your magazines. If I could, I would buy all the copies in the world! Are they going to be worth a lot... in about fifty years???

Mark Salling
Norcross, Ga.

Editors: Yes, they will be! So go out and buy all the copies in the world. You'll become a billionaire!

BULLY FOR YOU, DOUG!

There is this kid at school who keeps saying things about me. And I'm getting tired of it! Since you make so many insults in Cracked Magazine, I was wondering if you can make up insults I could say to him.

Doug Blaker
Clinton, Pa.



Editors: Just catch him off guard, tell him you're really sorry to hear he has a charley horse between the ears. With plenty of rest and quiet, it'll go away.

KEEP ON TREKKIN'!

I like your magazine, but what I like even more is STAR TREK! I was wondering if you'd ever be doing a special issue of all your past parodies on STAR TREK since 1966. But since you probably won't, I can at least look forward to a parody of STAR TREK VI in the next few months.

Jason Vanstone
British Columbia,
Canada

Editors: Don't be so pessimistic, Jason. Look for Cracked Collectors #90 on sale now for a complete collection of Star Trek parodies. And you're right, Star Trek VI is coming to these pages soon.

COVERAGE, COVERALL, COVER-UP

Cracked is the best magazine you can possibly buy. The cover of #268 was great and so was #269. Where do you come up with the eye-catching cover ideas?

Kevin Richberg
Memphis, N.Y.

Editors: We're pretty finicky about our cover concepts, Kevin. We never rush them, we discuss them, even over lunch! Finally, Cliff Mott draws up an uncanny rough sketch which goes out to one of our artists.

MAKING LIGHT OF IT!

Could you have Don Orehek do more Cracked Hold-Ups?

Asaf Elad
Los Angeles, Ca.

Editors: We like 'em, too, Asaf! Did you know they also appear in our companion mag, Monster Party?



Don Orehek, planning one of his Hold-Ups.

YOU'LL FLIP OVER THESE CRACKED COLLECTOR CARDS

12 FULL COLOR CARDS
FEATURING THE OUT OF
THIS WORLD SUPERSTARS
OF THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL
WRESTLING FEDERATION

FREE!

IN CRACKED
COLLECTORS' #90

PLUS 96
PAGES OF
SPACED-OUT
HUMOR!



The new TV shows are out, but some of them might fail. Here are the shows that are ready to take over their spots. These are...

The Management Replacement TV Shows



WRITER: STEVE STRANGIO
ARTIST: JOHN SEVERIN

JUST THE 48 OF US

8:30-9 PM, NBC

Premise: Screwball comedy about the zany Shmooften family. Each week they discover a new family member. It's kooky family fun!

Strong Point: Bobby Farnhorn as the nutty next door neighbor is a scream!

Weak Point: Network might lose money trying to feed the cast.



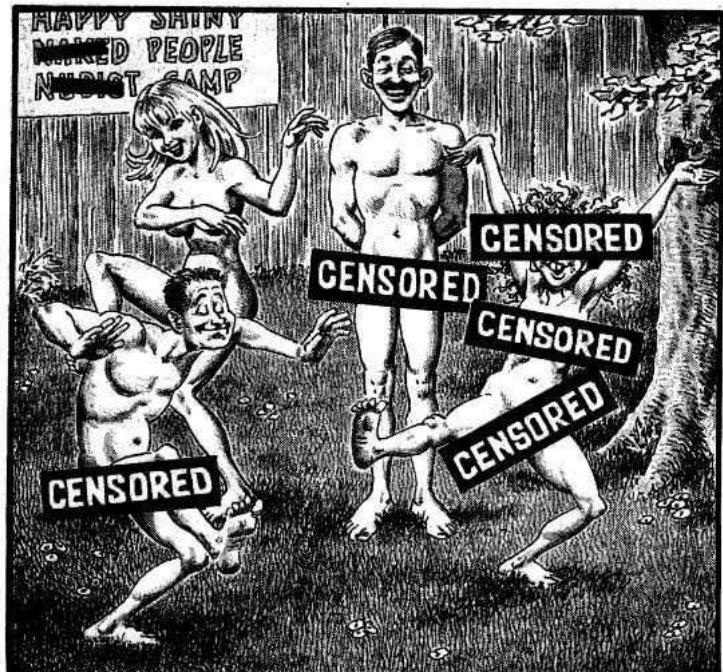
NUDISTS

9:30-10 PM, CBS

Premise: Four overly happy naked people work at Happy Shiny Naked People Nudist Camp.

Strong Point: They're all naked!

Weak Point: If one actor gets flabby, the show's over.



HE'S DA BOSS

9-9:30 PM, ABC

PREMISE: Tony Tonitelli is the gruff but lovable manager of a lugnut factory in Brooklyn. He shares his home with a nagging wife, freeloading brother, and dimwitted dog.

STRONG POINT: Tony has an ingratiating quality that will appeal to women who like big, fat, sweaty guys.

WEAK POINT: Anybody who lives outside of Brooklyn won't understand it. Subtitles may be needed.



OUCH! MY FOOT!

8-8:30 PM, NBC

PREMISE: Each week a contestant has a really heavy object dropped on his foot.

STRONG POINT: Lots of action! Lots of excitement! Lots of screaming!

WEAK POINT: Contestants who audition for the show usually never make it to the taping.



DULLSVILLE, USA

9-10 PM, CBS

PREMISE: What happens when nothing happens in a boring town, with nothing to do and nothing around? Well, nothing.

STRONG POINT: It'll help you sleep.

WEAK POINT: It's on the air.



DR. LECTER'S CLASS

8:30-9 PM, FOX

PREMISE: A deranged psychopath is let out of his ultra-maximum security prison to become a teacher for a group of fourth graders.

STRONG POINT: Hannibal the Cannibal is a scream! School lunches will never be the same!

WEAK POINT: Cast members may have to be replaced, week to week.



REALLY COOL STUNT STUFF

8-9 PM, FOX

PREMISE: Daredevils try to outdo each other until one of them dies a horrible, violent, explosive death.

STRONG POINT: Lots of thunderous explosions and flying body parts.

WEAK POINT: Insurance premiums.



PLUMBERS

9:30-10 PM, FOX

PREMISE: Follow the real life exploits of real live plumbers as they go from house to house and overcharge their destitute customers.

STRONG POINT: Realism. Dramatizations of sewage backups, pipe scouring, and toilet clogging may be too intense for some viewers.

WEAK POINT: How many times can you watch a plunger suck stuff out of a toilet bowl?



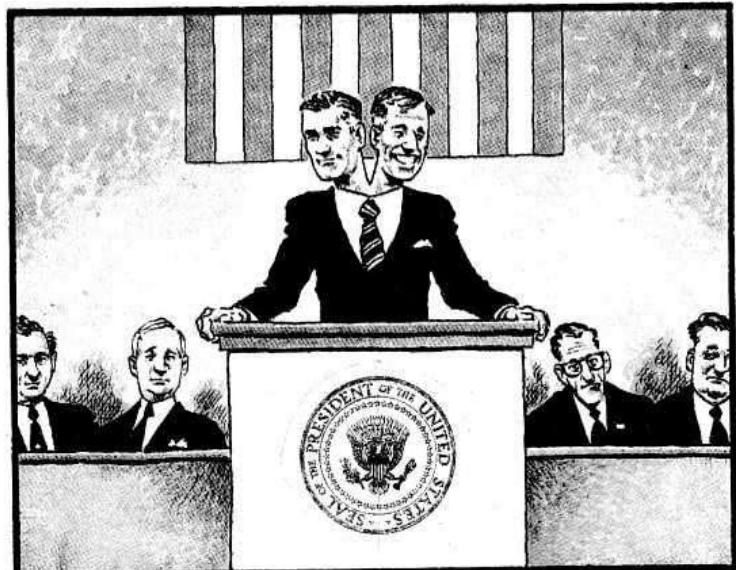
HEADS OF STATE

10-11 PM, NBC

PREMISE: A two-headed circus geek becomes President of the United States. Unfortunately, one head is Republican and the other is a Democrat. It's capitol craziness!

STRONG POINT: This is the role that two-headed actor Jim/Jim Duocranum was born to enact!

WEAK POINT: Finding a love interest will be a major problem. They'll need a First and Second Lady.



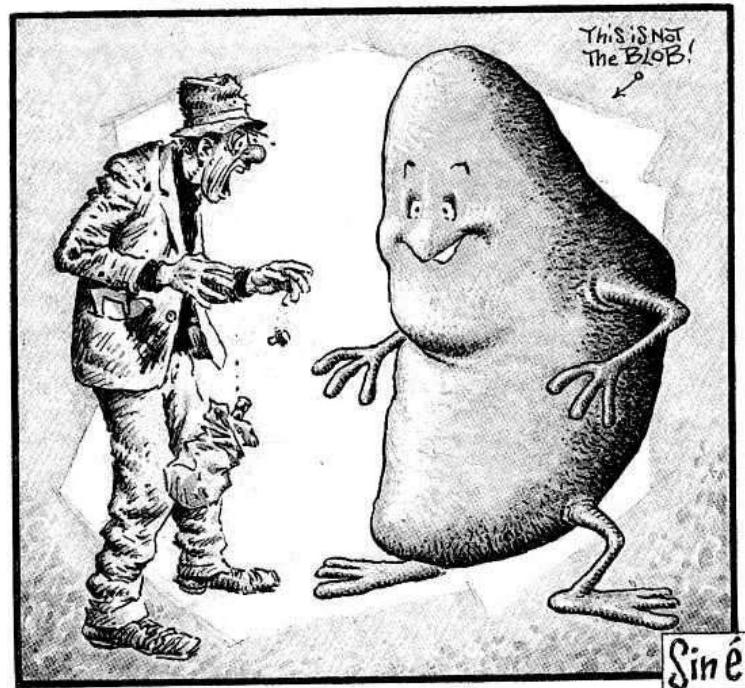
LARRY'S LIVER

9:30-10 PM, CBS

PREMISE: A recovering alcoholic meets up with his fun-loving liver. A bilious adventure in metabolism awaits man and bodypartner!

STRONG POINT: When it comes to comedy, the liver secretes!

WEAK POINT: Nobody likes liver.



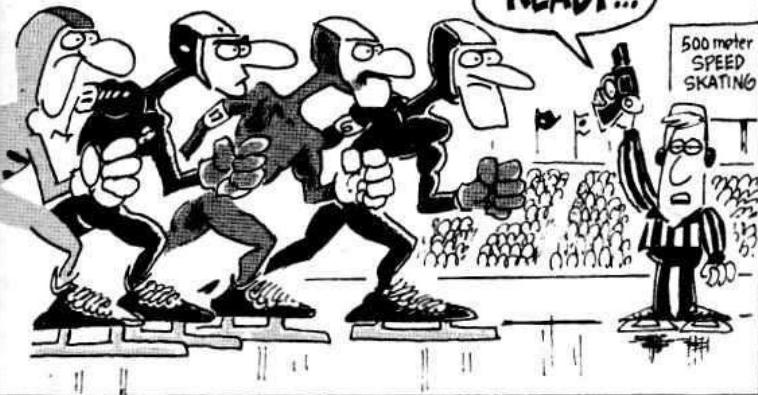
SPIES AND SABOTEURS

HIT
THE



READY...

500 meter
SPEED
SKATING



ON YOUR MARK...

500 met
SPEED
SKATING



GET
SET...

500 mets
SPEED
SKATING



BANG

500 ~
SPEED
SKATING



Old TV shows, unlike old soldiers, don't fade away. They're rerun forever on Nickelodeon, and some are recycled into movies. People rush to the theater and pay serious bucks to see the big screen version of a TV show they didn't even like. This makes as much sense as the new hit movie...

The Addled Family

WRITER: VIC BIANCO
ARTIST: WALTER BROGAN

This is my favorite Yuletide tradition, serving hot toddy to the carollers.

Miserable Christmas, everyone, and a rotten New Year!

I'd like to kill my agent! I finally get in a big budget movie and I play a hand.
Yecchh!

Let's build a fire in the fireplace before Santa gets here.

Isn't that sweet, they still believe in Santa.



We've been trying to contact my brother, Pester, from the Great Beyond, for twenty-five years.

Don't torture yourself, dear, that's my job. Think of the bright side; Pester probably went to the big Brimstone Pit in the ground.

You're just trying to cheer me up.

Uh, Goremez ought to try Head'N' Shoulders.

I'm looking forward to the day when we can rest alongside Pester. Think of it, my dear, our bodies in HIS and HER coffins, rotting together as maggots feast on our remains.

Goremez, you really know how to turn a girl on!



Ah, Sullied, you old barrister; you're here to collect the monthly expenses?

No, I'm here because I enjoy being stabbed.

Ah, yes, I enjoy it myself, especially if a main artery gets hit!

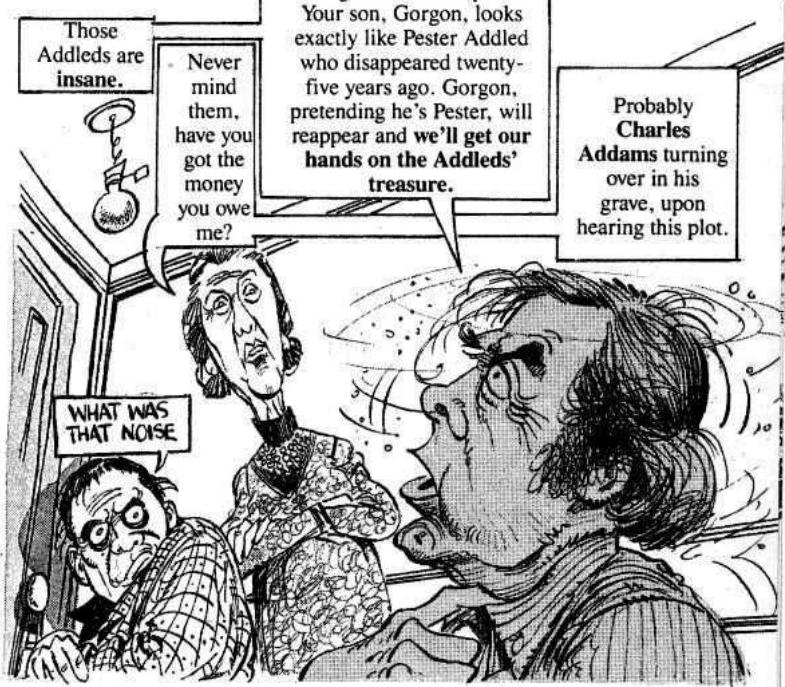
Could you pay me in real money, the 7-11 doesn't take doubloons.

Those Addleds are insane.

Never mind them, have you got the money you owe me?

I'll get it. I have a plan. Your son, Gorgon, looks exactly like Pester Addled who disappeared twenty-five years ago. Gorgon, pretending he's Pester, will reappear and we'll get our hands on the Addleds' treasure.

Probably Charles Addams turning over in his grave, upon hearing this plot.



Think of it, Gorgon, we'll be rich! No more loan sharking or running rigged Bingo games. My son, we're going for the gold!

Are we going to enter the Olympics?

No, you idiot, we're going to get the gold in the Addled family vault!

Shoot, I wanted to win a medal in Javelin Catching.

Pester, we're calling you hoo hoo hoo hoo!

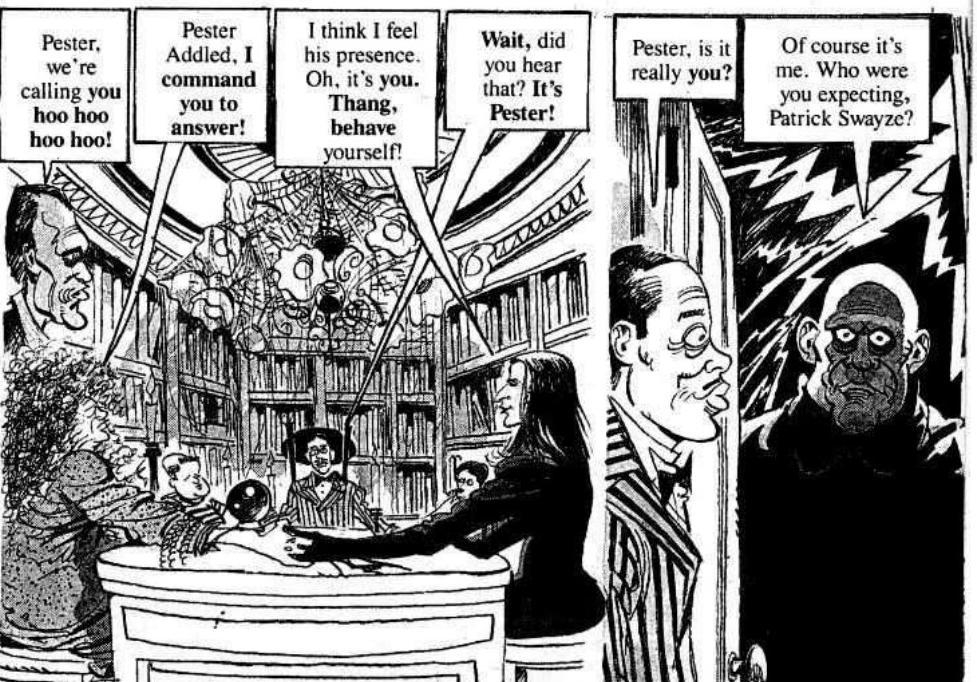
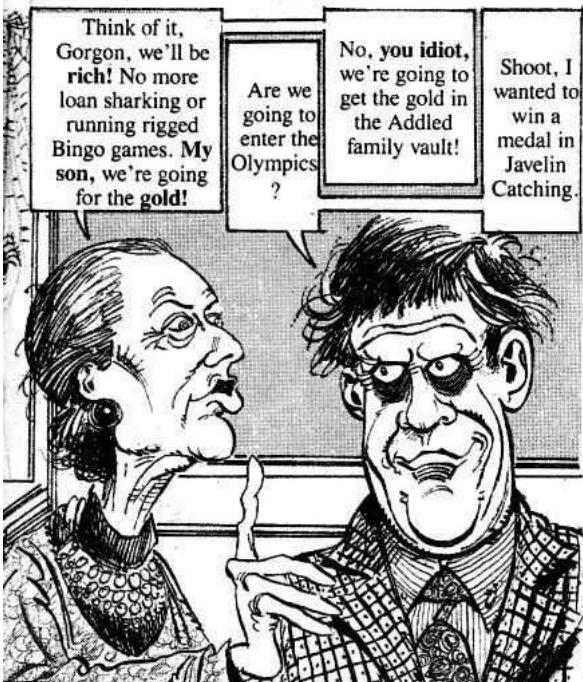
Pester Addled, I command you to answer!

I think I feel his presence. Oh, it's you. Thang, behave yourself!

Wait, did you hear that? It's Pester!

Pester, is it really you?

Of course it's me. Who were you expecting, Patrick Swayze?



Goot effenink, I am Dr. Fershtunkoff! Ve found your brother in a fish net in the Bermuda Triangle.

We spent our honeymoon there and then we went to the Black Hole of Calcutta.

How romantic! Anyvay, the fishermen vanted to can Pester, along with the tuna und the dolphins! Der Game Warden-released him to me.

I'll bet he would have made a delicious tuna salad...

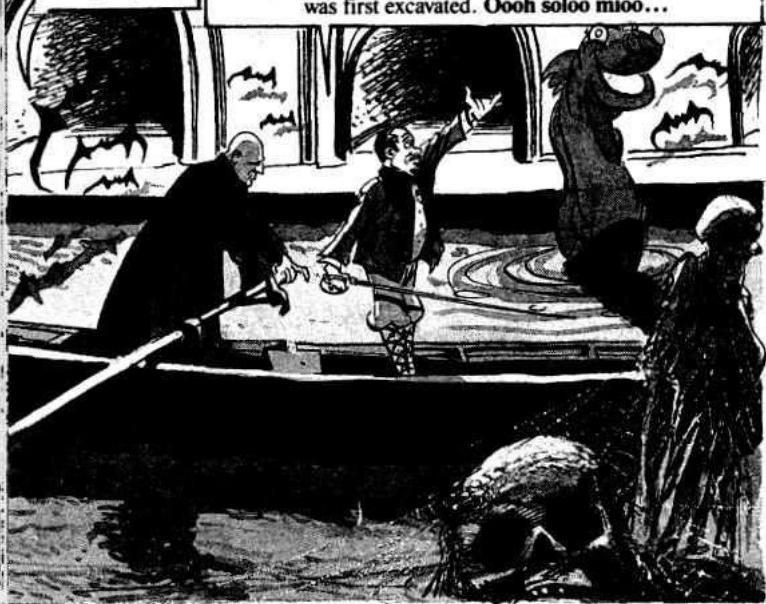
Ah, Pester's blood-curdling screams are music to my ears!

He must be having a pleasant dream, poor dear.



Where are we going?

To the vault. Ah, breathe that dank air. Isn't it invigorating? It reminds me of King Tut's tomb when it was first excavated. Oooh soloo mooo...



Remember the combination? One left for Uncle Cyclops, three right for our Siamese triplet cousins and what's the last number?

Uh, seven...?

No, dummy, it's the number of toes on each of your feet... 13!



He forgot the combination? That's not my brother; he's a fake, a fraud.

Children, are you fighting?

No, we're playing IS THERE AN AFTERLIFE?

That's nice, but please play outside. Your father can't hear himself scream.

Mother, they're wise to me.

Don't worry, I'll convince them you're Pester. I'll do what Mother does best.

Nag them?

No, fib.



You are rejecting your brother because of **guilt feelings**. You **love him** but you drove him away. You are suffering from a **love-hate guilt complex**, Dr. Ruth's Syndrome.

Thank you, Doctor.

For resolving your problem?

No, for telling me I'm suffering.

Dearest, let me share your agony, please!!



Tonight the children are in a play at school.

Good, while the family's away, we'll steal their treasure!

But I'll miss the play...

What's wrong with you, have those idiots brainwashed you? No, that's impossible, you haven't got a brain.

I'm Mrs. Baker, Ughley's teacher. He's a bright boy but seems to have some problems. He brought a fire-eating dragon to Show and Tell and almost burned the school down.

The play is about to begin; please take your seats.



Friday and Ughley Addled will do a scene from *The Exorcist*.

Where are you people going? Next they're going to do a scene from *HENRY VIII AND HIS WIVES*; with a **real ax**!



Tush, I was so proud of the children tonight.

Weren't they wonderful? Goremez, when was the last time we waltzed like this?

At your twin sister Cher's funeral. You were so ravishing, everyone wanted to dance with you instead of the corpse. We shall waltz again, at a welcoming party for Pester.



Sabu,
how
you've
grown!

Yes, Aunt
Mortusha,
I'm no
longer an
Elephant
Boy. I'm an
Elephant
Man!

Cousin
Hannibal, I
made your
favorite
recipe for
dinner...

You
look
great!!

Yes, the
hump
transplant
was a
great
success.

I lost
my
contact
lens...

Cousin
Cady, you
look very
picturesque!

Goremez,
you must
come to
the Cape
for a visit.
Bring the
family!!

Would
you, uh,
care to
dance?
Bring the
family!!

No,
we're
saving
this
dance for
Pester.

Yes, now that
he's back, the
Addled family
fortune **belongs**
to him because
he's the oldest
brother.

Mc
Dane



I've got good news; it's a **lawyer's**
dream! We don't have to rob the vault,
we can steal the treasure legally.
Since Pester is the oldest, everything
belongs to him.

Ah, the
traditional
sword dance,
the
Bloodbushka!

Nobody
throws a party
like
Goremez...

Leave?
But this is
my house!

It belongs to
Pester and he
wants you
out.

But where
shall we
go?

There's a
vacancy at
the Bates
Motel.

Thang, give
me a hand
with the
packing.



I suppose I should be happy. Goremez has turned into every woman's nightmare, a couch potato.

It's a real nasty day; could we have a picnic at the cemetery?

What...and miss Jeopardy?

I'm going to see Pester, maybe he'll let us come back.

Glad you dropped in! Now tell us how to get to the vault.

How does that feel?

Wonderful, but I refuse to enjoy myself unless I'm being tortured by Goremez.

Just wait until I use this **red hot poker** on you.

Promises, promises.

Dearest, I knew you'd come.

Nobody tortures my wife **but me**.

Thanks, I needed that!!

Gorgon, put that book down.

I'm not Gorgon, I'm Pester!

I should have left you in that fish net, where I found you, twenty-five years ago!

Well done, old man...

Ah, such shrieks, they could wake the dead.

We only do that on Halloween and Jack the Ripper's birthday, Mon Cher!

YES THEY ARE.

Dad, wait until you see who's outside.

Why are you chasing us, we are one of you?

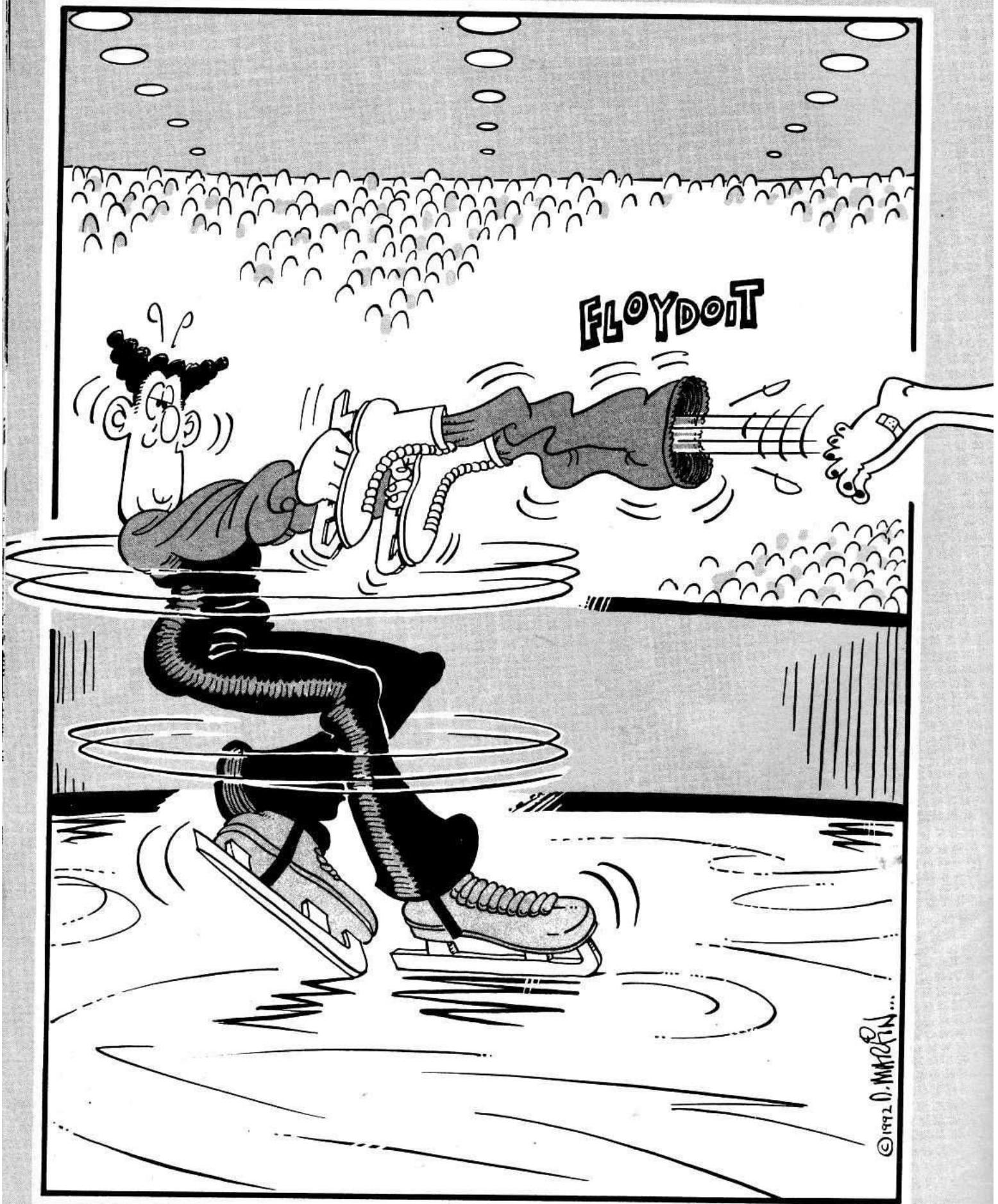
We spent an eternity frightening people. Now, thanks to you, they're laughing at horror films.

I'll throw you in the sulphur pit.

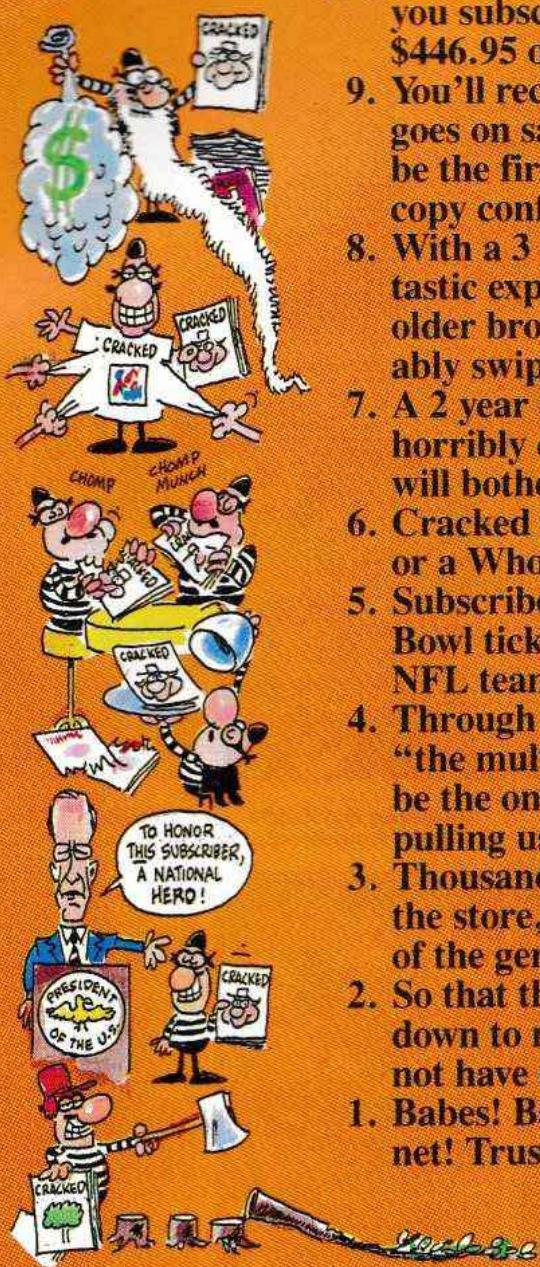
I'll tear you limb from limb!

Sounds wonderful, I can hardly wait until they catch us!!

Don MARTIN'S PARTING SHOT



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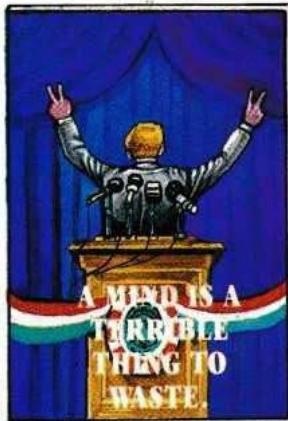
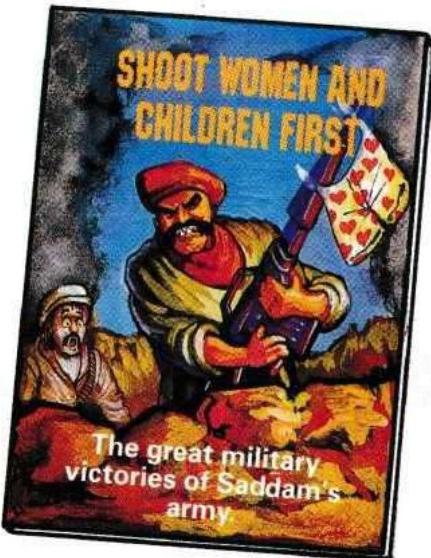
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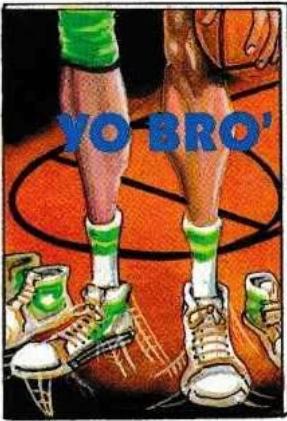
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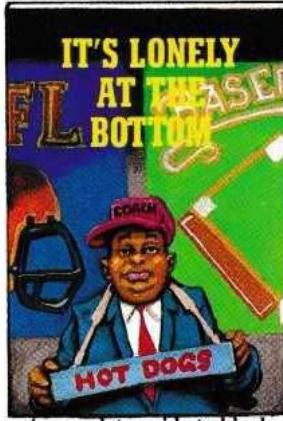
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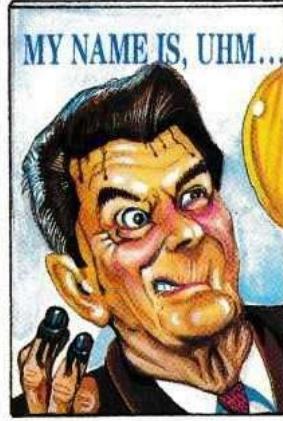
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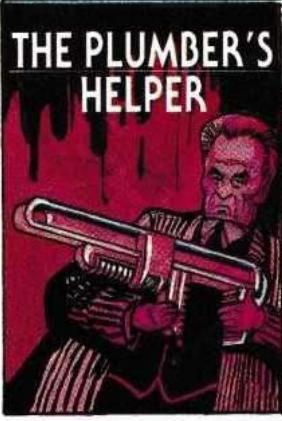
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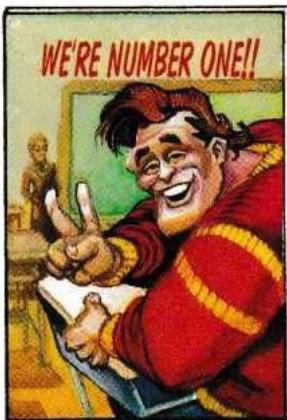
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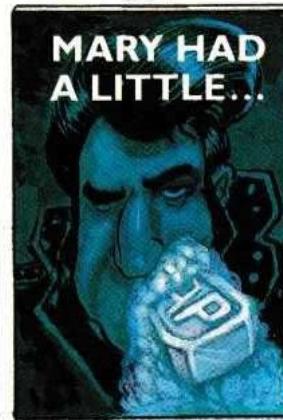
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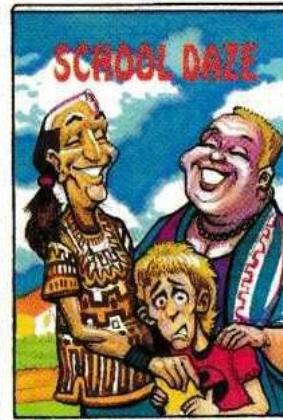
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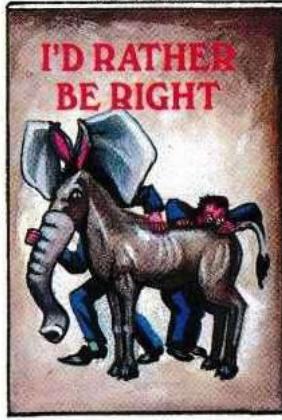
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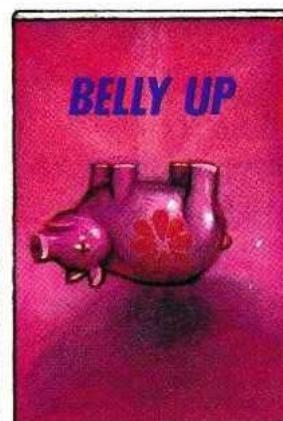
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